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WITH THE REASSEMBLING of the Senate and the publication of the rates of the tariff bill as made over by the Republican majority of the Senate Committee on Finance, the fight enters a new phase. The Senate will take three-day recesses until September 4, when the bill is expected to be laid formally before it. Friends of the measure are reported to be in no too hopeful frame of mind. The action of the Senate committee in boosting the effective rate on sugar from the 1.76 cents of the present law to 2.20 cents has satisfied nobody, even though the rate is less extreme than that carried by the House bill. In addition to the usual dissatisfaction with particular schedules and a rather unusual amount of objection from foreign countries, there is bitter hostility to the proposed administrative provisions, which would make of a protectionist President a little high-tariff czar. What the protectionists fear is a combination of Democrats and progressive Republicans against the measure, and Mark Sullivan in a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* says that the bill is gravitating downward and backward toward a mostly agricultural measure. It is agreed that there will be a long fight on the Senate floor and that the special session is likely to run over into the regular one in December. An active and determined minority could probably defeat the measure in anything like its present form, but the Democrats hunger for loaves and fishes for their constituents no less than the Republicans. Senator Trammell of Florida, for example, has agreed to support the whole bill if Florida products get protection. And Senator Fletcher is reported to be practically in the same boat. It is an old story. Meanwhile the Senate leaders are anxious not to have their program upset by extraneous matters like the Vare case, which Senator King threatens to bring forward.

TARIFF MAKING took a delightful turn recently when the Senate Committee on Finance put manganese ores on the free list. The Fordney-McCumber Act carried a duty of a cent a pound on the manganese content of such ores, provided they contained at least 30 per cent manganese. The House bill let this duty stand, and the Republicans of the Senate committee decided, 7 to 4, to extend this rate even to lean ores containing but 10 per cent of manganese, thus making a slight concession to our producers, who had asked for a rate of a cent and a half a pound because they were being injured by the cheap labor of Russia. On a Monday the Russian Government announced that the United States Steel Corporation had signed a contract with the Georgian manganese trust to buy from 80,000 to 150,000 tons of manganese annually for five years. On Wednesday the Republicans of the committee put manganese ore on the free list. On Thursday, according to a dispatch to the New York *World,* Senator Bingham, one of the committee acrobats, said he had changed his vote because the White House advised it. How we all do love American labor, and with what tender care we protect it! Manganese ores ought to be free—so ought some 1,557 other items in the bill, but we doubt whether many of them will have the good luck of manganese.

REFUSING TO SURRENDER our extraterritorial rights in China, the Administration has returned to the sweeping demands of the ill-fated Extraterritoriality Commission of 1926, which asked China to revise her judicial practice before the Powers gave up their privileged position. In spite of China's troubled state we think that Secretary Stimson's flat refusal of Nanking's request to abolish extraterritoriality was unjustified. Surely a little compromise and negotiation would result in a plan for the protection of Americans in China without extraterritorial rights. Nanking would be delighted to make protective concessions to us; it is the principle of the thing that concerns Chinese pride most. If the Nationalists carry out their threat to abolish extraterritoriality on January 1 regardless of the Powers, we shall be forced to accept with bad grace an action which could be brought about with more good-will and more satisfaction to our interests by voluntary cooperation. It should be said in behalf of Secretary Stimson's refusal that the Nanking Government has done little in recent months to justify the faith of its friends or the belief that its powers should be extended.

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One by one many of its best leaders have dropped away, leaving Chiang Kai-shek and his military coterie in complete control. T. V. Soong, discouraged, resigned as Finance Minister but was persuaded to return to his post for a time. Hu Shih, leading intellectual of the Nationalist movement, is attacking Chiang Kai-shek for jailing his political opponents. All things considered, these are dark days for the idealists who sought to build a new China through the Kuomintang.

THE CHINESE MILITARY SITUATION is undoubtedly grave, notwithstanding the reported insistence of the Nationalist Government that the mobilization of troops in Manchuria is not an act of war but only a proper and necessary measure of national defense. Diplomatically, of course, it makes a difference whether war has or has not been formally proclaimed, but airplane reconnoisances, Russian forays across the border, skirmishes on land and light bombardments by sea, and the movement of troops in large numbers are the inflammable stuff of which war is made. In notifying the signatories of the Briand-Kellogg anti-war pact, as the Chinese Minister at Washington was reported on August 16 to have been directed to do, that Russia had invaded Chinese territory in Manchuria, the Nationalist Government merely followed precedent in trying to put the blame on the other side, and its appeal to the world is one which the other Powers will probably scrutinize with care. C. T. Wang, the Nationalist Foreign Minister, issued a statement on August 19 which suggested that he was still chasing the communist bogey. "The Government is compelled to take a firm stand," he said, "lest communism again play havoc in China." The peril of the situation, as we see it, is not that China may fall a prey to communism, but that the factional disorders of its government and a restless ambition to test its strength may provoke Russian retaliation on a larger scale.

ONE PIECE OF GOOD NEWS has come from The Hague in the announcement on August 19 that British troops will begin evacuating the Rhineland on September 1. For this the whole world as well as Germany ought to be grateful. Progress with the Young plan has been less gratifying. Mr. Snowden, after serving notice on the representatives of the other principal Powers that the British ultimatum still stood, and that proposed compromises under which Great Britain would have received smaller sums than it demanded were not acceptable, nevertheless agreed that a special committee of experts should examine the suggestions to see just how they would work. It is already clear, however, that the Young plan, with whatever modifications it may be approved, cannot go into effect on September 1, when the fifth or normal year of the Dawes plan expires. The British objections to the Bank for International Settlements, which Mr. Snowden has declared are weighty, have not yet been brought forward in detail, and the committee of organization which is to arrange for putting the bank and the rest of the plan in operation has not yet been appointed. Under the best of conditions, accordingly, the new scheme can hardly be set going until well into the autumn. The intimations that Germany will refuse to go on with the Dawes plan in case the Young plan fails are not to be taken too seriously. It is more probable that Germany will continue to make regular payments on reparations account, as it has been doing for the past five years, but on the reduced scale of the Young plan instead of the more burdensome scale of the Dawes plan.

A DISPATCH from Washington gives notice that the Union of South Africa is expected soon to announce the establishment of a legation in our capital and the appointment as its minister of Eric H. Louw, who has served the Union as trade commissioner both in New York and in London. In following the lead of Canada, which in 1926 established independent representation by sending Vincent Massey to Washington as its first minister, the Union of South Africa takes another step in that interesting process of devolution by which the self-governing British Dominions are gradually taking over increasing control of their foreign relations. It is doubtful whether any foreign office in the modern world ever faced just the problem that Downing Street continually has to solve, that of directing the foreign policy of an empire whose constituent members have the power to control so largely their own affairs. The situation appears almost as anomalous in constitutional theory as it looks unworkable in actual practice. Yet life has a strange way of doing impossible things. Not only does the arrangement seem to work, but the empire thrives under it, and Canada today is in some ways more British than Great Britain. At the same time, India, held in a regular and constitutionally respectable way by armed force, holds a sword of Damocles forever suspended over the empire. Can it be, after all, that voluntary choice is a stronger cement of empire than the force of arms? As far as the British commonwealth of nations really deserves its title, it seems to be teaching us new and useful lessons concerning the relations that should subsist among independent states.

OUR READERS ALREADY KNOW something of the attempt of Josephine Roche to introduce more humane and at the same time more business-like conditions in the mining industry of Colorado through the recognition of union labor, and friendly cooperation with it, in the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company. They will be glad, therefore, to learn of the progress made during the first six months of this year as set forth in a report to the Industrial Commission of the State by the president and general manager of the company, M. D. Vincent. Mr. Vincent says:

> Our sales tonnage increased 16 per cent over the first half of last year. The tonnage production shows an increase of 1.02 tons per man per day for the first six months of this year over the first six months of 1928. This represents an 18 per cent increase in production per man per day. In computing this increased production per man per day we included all outside and inside men.
>
> The men employed in and around the mines of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, including outside and inside men, received an average wage of $7.95 per day during the first quarter of 1929. While the wage contract increased the earnings of the men, as we desired it should, it has not resulted in increased production costs because of the cooperation and increased efficiency which have characterized the new relationship.
>
> The effective working of the contract is further shown by the fact that the pit committees and mine superintendents are satisfactorily settling complaints. Only two cases in

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eleven months have been appealed from the decisions of the pit committees and superintendents.

In the face of the bitter warfare in other mines of Colorado, and the nationally demoralized condition of the coal industry, this report is indeed encouraging.

FREIGHT DELIVERY by combined railroad and truck in the New York metropolitan area received a setback, although perhaps only a temporary one, in a recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission declaring itself without authority to approve the method by which such deliveries have been made by the New York Central and other railway companies. The decision, flanked as it is with concurring and dissenting opinions, is complicated, but the gist of it is that while the purpose of the railway companies in arranging for the delivery of freight from terminals to the doors of consignees was laudable, the plan that had been followed ran counter to the interstate commerce law because it discriminated among shippers and consignees and between different parts of the area served. In other words, truck delivery is a good thing and should be encouraged, but the service must be equitable and, apparently, universal. As far as the law of the matter goes the commission, which is a highly technical body, is doubtless right, but the decision does not settle the question. An investigation would probably show that New York City is not alone in the inordinately high charges which are made for truck delivery of freight, and from that burden commerce ought to be relieved. Door delivery and collection, on the other hand, are natural and proper developments of the use of motor trucks, and if the railways, which are ready to add trucks to their equipment, cannot devise a way of doing so without violating the interstate commerce acts, the acts ought to be shorn of their antiquity and receive the benefit of modern dress.

WORLDWIDE PROTECTION for intellectual property, irrespective of the country in which the property has been created, is not yet recognized by the United States, but it may be if the United States will join the International Copyright Union by July 1, 1931. At the present time, thanks to an absurd protective policy for which organized labor has been largely responsible, books by foreign authors, if they are written in English, must have the type set in this country and the other processes of manufacture carried out here if the book is to enjoy the privilege of American copyright. The illustrations also, if they happen to be lithographs or photo-engravings, must be reproduced by "a process wholly performed within the limits of the United States." As long as the American copyright continues, no copies of the foreign edition may be imported except single copies "for individual use and not for sale," or copies brought in for the use of certain societies, colleges, libraries, or similar institutions. This is a veritable tax on knowledge as well as an obstacle to its spread, unjust to authors, artists, and all producers of intellectual work, useless as a protection to American writers and scholars, and a negation of the international comity of which one hears so much nowadays. Thorvald Solberg, Register of Copyrights in the Library of Congress, who has long labored faithfully to bring about the adherence of the United States to the Copyright Union, has set forth the facts of the situation convincingly in one of the essays that were offered to Dr. Herbert Putnam last April on the thirtieth anniversary of his appointment as Librarian of Congress. Mr. Solberg's plea should be actively and earnestly supported by everybody in this country who cares for intellectual things.

OUR NEWSPAPERS are subjected to criticism for the inadequacy and inaccuracy of their foreign news. We are glad, therefore, to record the impressions of Otto H. Kahn, who said the other day, on returning after four months in Europe:

> I am glad to be back and have American newspapers again. I find that, when I leave America for Europe, I am better posted on what is happening in Europe than I am after I get there and have to depend on the European press. The diversity, accuracy, and multiplicity of the European items in the American papers, when you compare them with the European papers, is amazing. It is a real fact that I am better posted on European affairs by reading the newspapers in America than by going to Europe.

Without question there has been in recent years a distinct improvement in both the amount and the quality of the foreign news carried in both newspapers and magazines. When *The Nation* established its International Relations Section in 1918 there was practically no publication of important foreign documents in this country; now they are printed by a dozen different periodicals. If anything striking is happening in almost any part of the world, the careful reader is able to get a fairly good notion of it by following any one of a number of our best dailies. To be sure, our press has not yet attained to the breadth of knowledge shown by the best British newspapers in their interpretation of such events, and it is not always the most significant happenings that are are reported at greatest length. Yet the distinct gain that has been made is deserving of note.

ACCORDING TO an Associated Press report, the Department of Agriculture has enlisted the aid of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in its war on the Mediterranean fruit fly. It occurred to some of the bright entomologists of the department that the larvae of this pestiferous creature must make some noise when they ate, and that by listening in on citrus fruits before shipment it might be possible to tell whether or not they were infected. So the telephone company's experimental laboratory was called in and devised an instrument, which is described as "a conglomeration of batteries, microphones, vacuum tube amplifiers, wires, and telephone receivers," for listening to the pesky beasts. In a subsequent test it is reported that "noisy" grapefruit were found to harbor the undesirable inhabitants while "silent" ones were discovered to be free of the pests. This may be scientifically all right, but we object to it on at least three grounds. Morally, notwithstanding the Supreme Court's decision in the prohibition case, we object to wire-tapping, even on a Mediterranean fruit fly. Religiously, we do not want the music of the spheres interfered with. Aesthetically, what we want is an instrument not to make it possible for us to hear more, but, on the other hand, to enable us not to hear most of the sounds that reach us now, especially the voice of Senator Smoot defending the new tariff bill, sweetened though it may be with the best beet sugar in Utah.

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Posts and Profits

THE newspapers have been making something of a furore over the discovery that the deficit of the Post Office Department for the year ending with last June is estimated at $137,000,000. This is not the highest loss in its history. The peak was reached in 1921 when the loss for operating the postal service was recorded as $157,000,000, though we do not recall that the fact occasioned any stir in the press.

The high loss that year was attributed to special reasons—increased rates to the railways and higher pay for postal employees. Last year, also, the unusual deficit was partly due to a special cause, as the sum included $42,000,000 paid to railroads in back claims. But subtracting this from the total operating loss still leaves $95,000,000, which is more than three times as much as the deficit has been running in recent years. In 1927, for instance, it was $27,000,000 and in 1928 it was $32,000,000.

Just the same it is unlikely that the newspapers would have had anything to say about the postal deficit if Mr. Hoover had not stamped it as first-page news by making an issue of it. Doubtless Mr. Hoover's passion for efficiency is one reason for his expressed wish that the system as a whole shall pay its way. But it is hardly the only reason. We imagine there is some politics in the concern which the President has suddenly developed over postal losses, and there has been a great deal of propaganda in the way the newspapers have handled the situation. The Democrats are agitating for a cut in federal taxes. Mr. Hoover, probably wisely, isn't keen about it, and the unusual deficit in the Post Office Department—with a prospect of continuance—is a good argument for his position. Besides, Mr. Hoover is no friend of government operation of industry, and perhaps he is not displeased to throw a stone at what has long been considered our most important success in that field. Certainly a large number of newspapers have been only too eager to indulge in a general fusillade upon the postal system in response to Mr. Hoover's initiative. Not that they expect or want to upset federal operation of our posts, but any unfavorable happenings in the service make good propaganda against the demand that the government keep in its hands the development of water-power in the United States, particularly its manufacture and distribution at Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam.

The first thing we want to say in answer to those who are suddenly so concerned about the deficit of the Post Office is that nobody should start with the assumption, as Mr. Hoover seems to have done, that the service ought to pay its way. Whether any specific government service ought to pay its way, or be carried partly or wholly by taxation, is a question to be decided in each case by the social value and character of the work performed. One of the great advantages of government control lies precisely there. By common consent public education in the United States is financed almost wholly through taxation rather than by assessments against the particular persons who make use of it. The same is true of the upkeep of the lighthouse service and the Coast Guard, the work of the departments of Agriculture and Commerce. Nor have we ever heard it insisted that the army and navy should earn enough to be self-supporting.

We do not believe that the Post Office was expected to pay its way when it was organized in this country. That eventually it came to do so, even with low postal rates, is a testimonial to its generally efficient administration. For about twenty years, however, it has been operating at something of a loss, due probably to the rapid expansion of the second-class and the parcel-post services and the introduction of the air mail. Officials of the Post Office Department apparently do not know exactly where or how last year's unusual deficit occurred. Certain newspapers have been quick to assume that a chief cause was higher salaries and allowances to employees, but as no major changes in this direction have been made since 1925 the argument seems a little tenuous. In any event, postal employees are still generally undercompensated rather than overpaid, and there would be instant condemnation of any attempt to reduce postal expenses through trimming the earnings of employees.

Mr. Hoover is certainly right in his demand for a system of accounting which will show in detail where and how the postal system is running behind. It will then be time to consider the kind of work performed by each service that is losing money and to decide whether it ought to be self-supporting or maintained in part out of other postal revenues or through taxation. It happens that the first-class mail—probably the most democratically used and socially useful function of the Post Office, and hence the one most surely entitled to be maintained by taxation—is believed to be amply self-supporting. The air mail is admittedly losing money, but Mr. Hoover is said to feel that as it is still in an experimental stage it ought not to be compelled to pay its way. We think there was more in this argument a few years ago than today. It was justifiable once for the Post Office to subsidize flying, but aviation has now become a commercial enterprise. Users of the air mail today could and should pay more nearly the cost of such transportation. The parcel post, introduced especially to benefit farmers, is losing money too, but an upward revision of rates there is more questionable. The greatest and least justifiable postal loss—said to be $90,000,000 a year—arises from the low second-class rates granted to newspapers and magazines. This was originally justified on the ground that such periodicals served the cause of public education and were not primarily commercial enterprises. We should hesitate to deny an educational aura to them still, but nine out of ten are now as frankly commercial as any drug store or power plant. Every time in recent years that an attempt has been made to make periodicals pay higher rates a powerful protest from them has defeated it.

We should like to have President Hoover attack this problem courageously and to see a few of the newspapers and magazines sufficiently fair-minded to support him.

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Unionism in Filmland

THE Actors' Equity Association called off its ten weeks' strike to unionize the Hollywood movie studios on August 17. In announcing that Equity members might return to work, Frank Gillmore, the organization's head, laid the chief blame for the failure of his effort upon Ethel Barrymore, a member of the committee which carried on negotiations with the producers. Miss Barrymore contended that the producers had offered as much as was obtainable when they agreed to allow their workers to join Equity if they chose, although refusing to employ only members of the association. Her argument to that effect weakened the morale of the strikers, Mr. Gillmore said, and compelled him to abandon the strike for the present, but he promises another attempt at unionization later, when he hopes to have more support from organized labor.

The actors began by asking for a completely closed shop. No member of Equity was to sign any new contract except a standard one and no member was to form part of a cast containing any players who refused to join the organization. A little later, however, a compromise similar to that accepted by theatrical producers in 1919 was offered, and Equity expressed itself willing to enter into an arrangement which would permit 20 per cent each of the principals, small-part actors, and extras in any cast to be non-union. This proposal also was definitely rejected, and the producers would agree to nothing beyond a vague recognition of the right of Equity members to remain such. They offered no specific objections to any of the terms in the standard contract but simply refused to give up their privilege of hiring actors under whatever terms they can make the latter accept. And there for the moment the matter rests. Equity has gained many new members but it has, on the other hand, been compelled to suspend others—some quite prominent in their profession—who have signed contracts offered them either because they were distinguished enough to get all they wanted for themselves or obscure enough to feel the weight of economic pressure.

The motion-picture industry is almost completely dominated by a few powerful organizations. It has almost unlimited resources, and the supply of minor actors is so much greater than the demand that unionization is extremely difficult. But no one familiar with the abuses which Equity reformed when it established itself in the field of the legitimate stage can doubt for a moment that it ought eventually to win its motion-picture fight. None but the oldest and most threadbare arguments are used against it. Actors are again urged not to put themselves in the class with bricklayers and plumbers, and the Los Angeles *Times* expresses editorially its fear that their organization threatens the "industrial freedom of the greatest open-shop city in America." But "industrial freedom" in the motion-picture industry means about the same thing that it meant in the old days of the theatrical business, when needy actors could be rehearsed three or four weeks without pay and then dismissed because they were "not the type." Specifically it means, for example, that a minor actor can be hired at so much "for the part" and then held indefinitely for rehearsals and re-takes.

Equity will certainly win some day, but it is impossible to predict when. Obviously the obscurer players are not strong enough to fight their battle alone because the majority of them can easily be replaced, and, since open-shop conditions prevail in the technical departments of most studios, there is considerable doubt as to the effectiveness of a sympathetic strike of electricians and scene shifters, even if one should be called. Hence the real hope for victory rests largely upon the loyalty of the more successful and distinguished actors. The producers cannot get along without them, and if they will unite to demand for their humbler fellows the fair play which they can get without difficulty for themselves, then they can speedily obtain it.

This is exactly what they did when Equity won its definitive and lasting triumph in New York. The stars had comparatively little to gain and, temporarily at least, quite a little to lose. Yet they not only joined Equity but steadfastly refused to work in casts not at least 80 per cent unionized, with the result that they have been, for some years now, in a position to insist upon decent treatment for everybody. Unfortunately, however, the motion-picture world is newer, looser, and more extravagant. There must be at least ten times as many people to deal with as there were in New York, and the gap between the floating "extra" and the pampered favorite is wider than it was between the humblest professional of the old school and the greatest star.

Book-Conscious

THE publishers, the book clubs, and the booksellers, like the Chinese and the Russians, have been holding conferences, and while they are almost as secretive as the Orientals, some hints of their compromise proposals have leaked out.

The booksellers had complained that the book clubs were stealing their business, which is probably true, and that these vast organizations, buying books by the scores of thousands, had forced the publishers to grant them bigger discounts than were given the lowly bookstores—which is indubitably true. The ordinary bookstore gets a 30 to 40 per cent discount from the retail price of a book, while the Book-of-the-Month Club gets a reduction of 70 per cent. Futhermore, the publishers and the public alike complained that the book-club choices tended to concentrate attention upon a few books which might be excellent but certainly were not so much better than others as the difference in sales would indicate. As a result of these differences we had the much-advertised "book war" of last spring.

Now, apparently, everybody is to be made happy, including the public, which is to be made not only happy but cultured. The booksellers are to get an increased discount on books chosen by the book clubs, and part of this discount, together with a contribution from the book clubs, is to be set aside as a general fund for the promotion of book-buying in general. America, which has been made a two-car country, halitosis-conscious, apple-conscious, and sun-tan-conscious, is to be made book-conscious as well.

It is, indeed, about time that the mercantile genius of this nation of salesmen be turned to the problem of marketing books. It is a little startling to find so orthodox a publication as the *World's Work* informing its readers that in

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this land where every miner's son expects to go through high school, and every carpenter's daughter to college, only a third as many new titles were published last year as in Russia, only a third as many as in Germany, half as many as in Japan, and fewer than in either France or Great Britain. Apart from textbooks, we are informed, Americans last year bought on an average somewhat less than one book each.

Everyone familiar with the publishing business knows how hazardous a trade it is, and how much it depends upon the unpredictable success of some single title that "catches on" and, selling into the hundred thousands, carries the rest of a long list of books most of which may have a sale of fewer than 5,000 copies each. Our publishers have never discovered the Continental secret of persuading the public to buy books in quantities, to buy cheap editions at the railroad newsstands and throw them away at the end of the journey, to buy and buy and buy. Perhaps a publishers' advertising campaign might teach Americans to hesitate as little about buying a book as they do about buying a box of candy or a compact. But one of the obvious reasons why Americans buy so few books is that their magazines and newspapers feed them so much more heavily than European journals do. There, it seems to us, may lie one solution of the book and the book-club problem. The book clubs will have to teach us to regard books as we do magazines, and to do that they will have to make them as cheap. Therein lies the special interest of the newer book clubs—the Book League of America, and the Paper Books which Charles Boni is about to issue, one a month at no more than the cost of a magazine. In the long run, it seems to us, the book clubs will have to become more and more like the magazines. Instead of suggesting that they select the best books each month, they will have to create for themselves editorial reputations—to become as definitely distinguishable in character as, say the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *American Mercury,* the *Saturday Evening Post, The Nation,* and the *Literary Digest.*

Power Poison

THE opinion of Charles A. Russell, solicitor for the Federal Power Commission, instructing Chief Accountant William D. King to eliminate $500,000 from the proposed capital account of the Cumberland Electric Company, an Insull subsidiary, will, if sustained by the courts, represent an important victory for the government in the struggle with the power companies. Four Insull companies are involved. The particular one concerned, in applying for a license, asked permission to include in its capitalization $250,000 to be paid for alleged services and rights of two of the other companies, and $250,000 which it intended to donate to the State of Kentucky for a state park if the company got its license. In disallowing these items, Solicitor Russell points out that the four companies were acting essentially as one, and he declines to let them pad their capitalization by juggling accounts. At most, not more than $40,000 should be charged for the rights and services involved, he declares, and that amount only if proved. After considering the Water Power Act of 1920 and the legal decisions, he holds that "here is specific direction to the Federal Power Commission to insert in the capital account the actual legitimate cost of construction limited to the actual amount of money paid therefor." Of course this is what Congress intended and what everybody except financial high-binders wants. If the courts, as it seems not unreasonable to hope, will only sustain this principle and not wander off into the cloud of valuation fog in which they have enveloped the railroads, we may get a solid basis for regulation of power companies operating under federal license. The important public service of Messrs. Russell and King should not go unrecognized. Let us watch sharply to see what the power trust will do to them.

What it will try to do is easy enough to guess. At the end of July there fell into the hands of the Washington correspondents a confidential memorandum on "The Federal Water Power Act and Its Administration, a Summary with Suggestions." This memorandum was given large publicity in the columns of the Baltimore *Sun,* the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* and the Scripps-Howard press, but as far as we have noted was not handled elsewhere. According to that sterling correspondent, Drew Pearson, the report was prepared for circulation among the "higher ups" of the power industry, the text indicating that someone in the National Electric Light Association was responsible. It has been denied in behalf of that association that the document originated with it or represents its views, but officials of the Federal Power Commission meet the latter denial by showing from the records of the Commission that the lighting organization has previously expressed views identical with those outlined in the memorandum.

According to the document itself it was prepared in order to bring about "solidarity of action. . . by the entire electric power companies." It gets down to business by criticizing the appointment of Mr. King as chief accountant, objecting to his inducing the commission to introduce the Interstate Commerce Commission's system of accounting and depreciation requirements, which will prevent the companies from getting back more than the actual depreciated value of their plants at the end of the fifty-year license period; finding fault because the commission has got larger appropriations and so can make its accounting work more effective; and, finally, suggesting that that work be transferred from the commission's staff to the Departments of War, Interior, and Agriculture. "If this committee is successful in presenting this argument to the Secretaries who form the commission, and further direct enlargement of the accounting staff is prevented, it is believed that these departments will not have men specially trained for this work, at least they will be removed from the direct supervision of Mr. King." We have some respect for highway robbers, but men responsible for such suggestions seem fit to associate only with Harry F. Sinclair, Edward L. Doheny, and Albert B. Fall. The memorandum suggests that Mr. Merrill, the executive secretary of the Power Commission, "may be persuaded to accept some other more lucrative and less trying position . . . and it is hoped that discreet representations can be made to the Secretary Commissioners" concerning his successor. Since that time Mr. Merrill has resigned to become secretary of the American Committee of the World Power Conference, financed by the American electrical industry, and has been succeeded by Frank Bonner, his former assistant. Meanwhile Horatius King still stands guard at the bridge. Will the power trust somehow manage to get him? Wait and see.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IN churches when prayers are raised for the health of our chief magistrate there should be some particular petition for Mr. Hoover's spine. His ailment seems unfortunately a chronic one; for other politicians generally become bold enough after election not to blanch at every "Boo!" launched in their direction. But any Methodist is still a mouse to terrify the large man in the White House, and when an evangelical bishop raises so much as a little finger the knees of Herbert Hoover knock together and his teeth chatter.

Friends of the President will contend that it is not fear but gratitude which moves him so profoundly in his dealings with Protestant lobbyists. They may point out that Mabel Walker Willebrandt rallied the clergy of the Central States to his side and that James Cannon, the odd-lot bishop of Virginia, broke the Solid South for the Republicans by spreading the report that the Pope had purchased a one-way ticket to Washington. Nor can it be successfully denied that the churches played an important part in the election of the noble experimenter. Moreover, it is fair to point out that Mr. Hoover paid a very high price in political honor when he enlisted this support. Thrift itself might urge him not to cast aside a commodity bought so dearly as this one seems to have been.

And yet it seems to me that even the True Wilsons and McBrides might be content with a fealty more subtly exercised. The reformers themselves may in time be embarrassed at the eagerness with which the President of the United States pulls off his hat when they pass by. He bows a shade too low and bags his trousers in an anxiety to pay homage. The latest official salaam in the direction of entrenched religion has occurred in the matter of Mr. Hoover's behavior toward the National Association Opposed to Blue Laws. For many years the Lord's Day Alliance has been anxious to press down upon the District of Columbia a Sunday-closing law with which to terrify the rest of the nation. The good men behind this project hope to establish in the capital the American Sunday. They are maddened at the thought that clerks may go out to the baseball game and have a little fun while resting. And they would freeze each club head on the course before it could establish contact with a golf ball. Nor would virtue triumph in the last reel of the motion pictures.

There is room for debate upon the matter of a wholly religious sabbath. Mr. Hoover is not willing to admit that there may be two sides to the question. Recently he received a delegation of clergymen who wished to state the case for blue laws, but when the advocates of the other side asked for an equal amount of time to explain their position the President refused them an appointment. Indeed, he ignored each request that was transmitted to him. And now he has gone even further in his contention that there is only one side to any question in which Methodists happen to take an interest. Failing to win any allotment of time in the executive office, Professor Henry Flury, head of the anti-blue-law forces, sent the President an open letter. It seemed to Professor Flury that this was the last avenue of protest remaining. The letter has now been returned without an answer. This piece of churlishness is explained by George Akerson, Mr. Hoover's secretary, in a note which reads as follows:

> This office no longer receives letters addressed to the President which are given publicity prior to their receipt and acknowledgment. I think upon consideration you will agree that this course should be followed because the office of the President of the United States is entitled to the same courtesy that is universally accorded between ladies and gentlemen in such matters.

It seems to me a little ludicrous to have the President of the United States dodge an important issue by suddenly going Dolly Gann. Somebody should point out to him that in his official position he is neither a lady nor a gentleman. And if the concerns of the United States are to be conducted hereafter upon the principles set forth in the Book of Etiquette, Mr. Hoover is himself under the onus of offending against the code which has been popularized in full-page magazine advertisements. When the anti-blue-law spokesman knocked timidly upon the President's White House door he should have asked him in. It is just a shade too thick to snub a man grossly and make your only reply to his very proper request a lecture on good manners. The President of the United States should be, during business hours, neither a lady, a gentleman, nor a bishop's pawn. Professor Flury has just as much claim upon the President's time as James Cannon, Bishop of the Methodist church and gopher of Wall Street.

George Akerson's note on behalf of Mr. Hoover winds up in a splendid burst of offensive condescension. After announcing the rule that the White House will not accept open letters the President's secretary goes on to say: "This in no way limits the right of any citizen to express to the press any opinion he may hold. It is simply an insistence that the office of the President shall not be treated with discourtesy."

To which, I think, Professor Flury might reply: "Thank you for nothing at all." It almost seems as if Mr. Hoover supplements his sense of inferiority when in the presence of Methodists with delusions of grandeur at such times as no clerical lobbyists are present. The President, through his secretary, graciously confers upon all private citizens the right to speak their minds freely, even concerning his august office, in letters to the press. But since when, may I ask, did the President of the United States have the right to confer or withhold this privilege? Moreover, it will be well to insist upon a very precise definition of what constitutes discourtesy in communications directed to the Chief Executive. Disagreement with a public policy is not discourtesy even though sharply expressed. If a friend quarrels with Mr. Hoover about the way he catches fish or tosses a medicine ball, that disagreement may take on aspects of rudeness. But in a strict sense of the word there can be no rudeness toward the office of President. You cannot very well insult a symbol. Mr. Hoover is arrogating to himself all the rights and privileges of a private citizen. He seems for the moment to have forgotten that he is the President of the United States.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Justice and Chivalry in Carolina

By PAUL PORTER

Gastonia, N. C., August 22

THE South's greatest labor trial opens under circumstances more auspicious for justice than at first seemed possible. A fair trial for the sixteen textile strikers and union organizers jointly charged with murder and conspiracy to murder was palpably impossible in Gaston county; it will be difficult in Mecklenburg county, but the odds are not so overwhelmingly against the defendants.

Three important steps toward judicial fairness have been gained by the defense: (1) the assignment by Governor Gardner of Judge M. V. Barnhill to hear the case in place of Judge Hoyle Sink, who while the strike at the Loray mills was in progress last May sustained a reactionary city ordinance prohibiting strikers' parades; (2) a change of venue from impassioned Gastonia to the more populated and possibly less prejudiced city of Charlotte; and (3) a month's delay in trial, during which time the lust for the burning sizzle of the electric chair has subsided. Inasmuch as the exchange of shots in which Police Chief Aderholt was killed was an outcome of a thwarted attempt on the part of the strikers to parade, the interest of Judge Sink in the case might have been a trifle too personal. On the other hand, the conduct of Judge Barnhill has been beyond reproach. His scrupulous impartiality and quiet dignity during the two days that he was hearing the pleas on a change of venue were in keeping with the highest traditions of American jurisprudence.

When on August 26 the youthful judge modestly slips behind the bench in the immaculate new court house in Charlotte, almost within the shadow of King's Mountain, a battle will begin that may go down in Southern history as no less famous than the battle of King's Mountain. The manner in which the battalions will be drawn up is indicated by the two-day prologue at Gastonia. Long before the opening hour the small court room is packed, mostly with friends and relatives of the defendants, who overflow the "white section" and crowd into the Jim Crow gallery. The stamp of generations of poverty is on these mill folk. They look "bleached out," and from them exudes the odor of long hours of toil. The spindle-legged girl in the front row nursing her first-born is already bent with eight years of minding a spinning frame. These folk will remain to hear every word of testimony, but not as jurors since they are propertyless and are thereby disqualified.

A murmur of animation runs through the crowd as the defendants file into the room and take seats within the bar. Can these thirteen men—or rather boys—and the three young women have plotted to lure Police Chief Aderholt and his associates to their tent colony to be shot down in cold blood? That is the charge that Prosecutor Clyde Hoey is to make in a few moments. These boys resemble a college fraternity more than they do a gang of murderers. Vera Bush might still be a youthful teacher of English. Nineteen-year-old Sophie Melvin, with her dimples and long brown curls, should never be in a court except on the stage or screen; indeed she has all the essentials for a Ziegfeld or Hollywood success, even to having clerked in a Brooklyn five-and-ten-cent store.

The ten prosecuting attorneys stalk into the room like a general's staff. Solicitor John G. Carpenter (in the North he would be called the district attorney) is the chief of staff, but the "silver-tongued" Clyde Hoey is the doughty warrior who will command in laying down the verbal barrage. Hoey, a brother-in-law of Governor Gardner, affects the mannerisms and sartorial adornments of Henry Clay, but looks more like the doctor in a traveling medicine show: long gray hair that falls almost to his shoulders, wing collar, and chocolate brown morning coat with a fresh chrysanthemum in the lapel. Next in command is Major A. L. Bulwinkle, former congressman—and looks it; now special counsel for the Manville Jenckes Company, which operates the Loray mills, where the ill-fated strike occurred. To impress the jury, one gathers, the commander of the American Legion, the mayor of Gastonia, and the city and county attorneys have been included on the prosecution staff.

The staff of the defense, with only seven attorneys, seems small in comparison. Tom P. Jimison, one-time Methodist minister from Charlotte, is the generalissimo, and his aides include J. D. McCall, well-known Southern criminal lawyer, F. Frank Flowers, and Dr. John R. Neal, formerly dean of the University of Tennessee Law School and a veteran of the Dayton "monkey" battle. Jimison, by virtue of having defended the "agitators" since the beginning of their court skirmishes early in April, has made himself decidedly unpopular in both Gastonia and Charlotte. Following the shooting he was warned to stay out of Gastonia, and on the very eve of the trial he and Dr. Neal were threatened. These threats were beyond doubt influential in causing Judge Barnhill to grant a change of venue. Dr. Neal, too, has outraged this already inflamed community by speaking from the same platform with William Z. Foster on the day before the trial opened.

A fourth of the spectators' floor has been reserved for the twenty-eight newspapermen and magazine writers representing all the leading press associations, the larger eastern papers, and the important Carolina papers. Among them are writers who covered the Mooney-Billings trial thirteen years ago and the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and sob-sisters who will rhapsodize about Sophie Melvin's curls. It was the national and even international interest that this case was attracting, as evidenced by the large number of press representatives, that has done much to tone down the belligerency of this community. This virtuous change of attitude is, in my mind, only skin-deep, but because of it these men are a little less likely to be railroaded to the electric chair. The insistent clamoring, too, of a few courageous North Carolinians like Nell Battle Lewis and a few newspapers like the Raleigh *News and Observer* and the Greensboro *Daily News,* even in the face of ridicule and abuse, has helped din into the minds of the most bloodthirsty that the Tar Heel State cannot afford a repetition of the Sacco-Vanzetti outrage—at least not so callously done.

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On the outskirts of the town, a mile away, huddles the red-brick Loray mill and around it several hundred stilted frame cottages—like a fussy old hen with a brood of bedraggled chicks. Evicted from these company-owned shacks, strikers erected a tent colony on a vacant lot nearby. On the night of June 7 a small band of strikers in defiance of the anti-parade ordinance started a straggling parade toward the mill. Gangs of police and deputy sheriffs swooped down upon them and drove them back to their tents.

While they were still angrily nursing their bruises, five policemen came to the entrance of the colony, and without a warrant tried to force entry to the strikers' private domain. Two of the officers have since been indicted for drunkenness and assault earlier that day. What happened next is subject to a great many divergences of testimony. Some say that the strikers fired without warning. Some say that the officers fired first. The defense will probably contend that the guards, fearing another wrecking raid, fired in self-defense. The actual circumstances may be definitely established in the course of the trial, but it is doubtful. Anyway, in the exchange of shots Chief Aderholt was killed, probably by a striker, while three other officers and one striker were wounded. The town's suppressed antagonism exploded into hysteria. Scores of strikers were clapped into jail and held incomunicado for several days, and several narrowly escaped lynching.

The prosecution has not produced evidence to show that any of the sixteen defendants now held fired the fatal shot. Fred Beal, the strike leader, was not even present when the shooting occurred, but is charged with conspiracy because in the course of his speeches he had used such phrases as "a fighting union." Possibly the State may produce more damning evidence later, but as yet the defendants' chief "crime" seems to be that they were known to have been among the armed guards on the fatal night or were otherwise active in strike leadership.

The Raleigh *News and Observer,* the Greensboro *Daily News,* and the Asheville *Citizen* early pointed out that there was danger of trying the strikers not for murder, but for what they thought about "God, marriage, and the nigger." That danger is not so great now, but it has by no means passed. Virtuous insistence now upon a fair trial will not rectify the prejudice ingrained by the vitriolic abuse by the local papers (with the exceptions noted) or by the preliminary hearings, of which the following colloquy between Prosecutor Hoey and Amy Schechter is typical:

> *Q.* Do you believe in God? *A.* I don't believe I can answer in one word.
>
> *Q.* Yes or no. *A.* Well then, no.
>
> *Q.* Then you don't regard the oath you have taken on the Bible? *A.* Yes, I regard it as part of the court procedure and an obligation to tell the truth.

About this the Raleigh *News and Observer* has said:

> The whole proceeding was cheapened and compromised by the manner in which the question was framed, by the monosyllabic answer demanded, and by the gross inference drawn from it. Tactics such as those pursued by Mr. Hoey in this case revolt fair minds even when they are indulged in the liberty of hurly-burly attempts to excite the prejudices of ignorant jurors.

For quenching this sort of parched justice Judge Barnhill's unequivocal declaration that all extraneous issues will be excluded while he presides is like a spring of crystal cold water. The judge is no Webster Thayer; he can chuckle at the blood-dripping caricatures of himself in the *Daily Worker,* and in moments off the bench jest about his profession. In charging the grand jury that returned the indictments he said:

> There is but one issue to determine and that is "Are the defendants guilty as charged?" . . . When a person comes into court he comes on exact equality with every other citizen. He has no right to expect to be either exalted or condemned, to receive either more or less than is just on account of his race, color, or condition in life, or by his convictions upon social, economic, industrial, political, or religious matters. These matters have no place in a criminal trial, and should not and will not be permitted to becloud the one issue we are to try.

But it must be remembered that the integrity of a judge does not guarantee a fair trial. A jury, not the judge, is charged with returning the verdict, and that jury, even though drawn from a county other than the one in which the alleged crime was committed, cannot wholly have escaped the hate that has been aroused against the defendants. The two Charlotte dailies have been little more restrained than the Gastonia *Gazette,* which has been equaled in calumny only by the Communist *Daily Worker* denouncing the mill owners, their lackeys the prosecutors, the *Gazette,* the judge, and the American Civil Liberties Union. The Charlotte *News,* while virtuously calling for a fair trial, has done its bit to make a fair trial impossible:

> The leaders of the National Textile Workers' Union are communists, and are a menace to all that we hold most sacred. They believe in violence, arson, murder. They want to destroy our institutions, our traditions. They are undermining all morality, all religion. But nevertheless they must be given a fair trial, although everyone knows that they deserve to be shot at sunrise.

In that statement there is expressed a view that is held by a good many thousand citizens, some of whom will certainly be called for jury service and perhaps accepted. They will vigorously and with perfect honesty maintain that the defendants will not be judged for their opinions, but they nevertheless believe, and cannot help believing, that because of those opinions the defendants are the kind of people who engage in "violence, arson, and murder." The defendants are thus at the start unavoidably branded with "the circumstances of guilt." And no matter how fundamentally honest the jurors, they will be rare men indeed if they can forget when they step into the jury box that among the defendants are interloping "damyankee" revolutionists who have rubbed salt into the South's sorest wound by fraternizing with the "niggers."

Should a first-degree conviction obtain, the death penalty is mandatory under the amazing North Carolina law that makes a capital offense of murder, rape, arson, and burglary! Thirteen young men are therefore faced with the possibility of execution because of popular passion and a well-financed determination on the part of certain mill owners to be rid of "agitators." The probable alternative is long prison terms.

The prosecution has announced that Southern chivalry will not permit asking the death penalty for the three women

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defendants. Maybe not. But I suspect that their charges were reduced to second-degree murder because the State knew that no jury, Southern, Northern, or Hottentot, would condemn the young women to the electric chair, and that the men, tried on identical charges, would have to be granted the same leniency. It took a long time for this chivalry to be resurrected. Where was it when the legionnaire deputies and the Gastonia police beat Bertha Tompkins in the face with their fists, and clubbed a number of other women strikers, and wrenched their arms, and pulled their hair? Was it chivalrous for displeased hearers to throw rotten eggs at Vera Bush while she was speaking, or for David Clark in the *Southern Textile Bulletin* to refer to Miss Bush and Ellen Dawson, along with other strike leaders, as "cattle"? Such happenings seem like very doubtful chivalry.

In the face of the odds I have described it is exceedingly regrettable that the defense case is embarrassed by a seeming disposition on the part of the editors of the *Daily Worker* and certain persons raising money for the International Labor Defense to make martyrs of the defendants for the sake of class-warfare propaganda. A prospective juror in Mecklenburg county who conceives of mass action only as revolution is not made more judicially minded by reading in the *Daily Worker* which has been thrust into his hands that *only* the mass action of the proletarians will save the accused workers from the machinations of the capitalist class. He is likely to retort: "All right, let's see if your threatened mass action can really save them!"

New York's Jimmie

By CRAIG F. THOMPSON

THE first four-year term of James J. Walker as Mayor of New York ends December 31. He is a candidate for renomination. Tammany Hall is the nominating agency and Mayor Walker, despite all his denials, is the man from whom Tammany takes its orders. Unofficially he has been renominated, and only the formality of a primary remains. His reelection is no less certain. No man or woman, Republican or Democrat, organization follower or independent, honestly believes that the dapper little Lord Mayor of Gotham will be defeated. Jimmie has not one fear; on the contrary, his desire is to be returned by the largest majority any candidate for the mayoralty ever received, and unbiased observers think he will get it. They envision his margin of 400,000 votes in 1925 increased to a cool half million at least.

Such popularity, as one of our blatant tobacconists would say, must be deserved. But is it?

* * * * *

The actual method of the Walker administration can be described in two words: Do nothing. A story heard in New York's City Hall goes straight to the point. It seems that about a year ago one of Mr. Walker's friends met one of the Mayor's intimates. At that time Herbert Hoover was preaching prosperity to the nation and Alfred E. Smith was doing his best to convince the electorate that a Democrat could be as conducive to continued inflation of the national bill-fold as could a Republican. "Is Jimmie going to run again?" asked the friend of the intimate. "No, he says he's going to retire." "I guess it's just as well," gloomily asserted the friend; "he couldn't be elected anyway." "Why?" "Well, what has he done?" "Nothing!" "That's just it. You don't expect a man to be reelected for doing nothing, do you?" "And why not," queried the confidant; "what has Calvin Coolidge done?" The pessimist could think of only one word, "Nothing." "There you are," triumphed the intimate; "do you think there is a man alive who could have beaten Coolidge had he chosen to run again?"

One trait, possibly, Walker and Coolidge share, and that one is party fealty. Otherwise: Walker the debonair, the witty, the tardy, a scintillant figure of light-hearted cheer; Coolidge the dour, the silent, the punctual, a homespun humorless sort of man. Yet, far apart as they are politically and personally, a common determination—Sit Tight: Don't Rock the Boat—has achieved for each, in varying measure, a common success.

* * * * *

The reference, hereinbefore, to Mr. Walker as Lord Mayor of Gotham was not entirely facetious. If New York had an office the duties of which were comparable to the pleasant ones of the Lord Mayor of London, no better man than James J. Walker could be found to fill it. As it is, he has made his post, primarily an executive one, as nearly like the London job as possible. The New York *Times* recently deplored the fact that Walker has become known principally for his grace and charm. He is gracious and he is charming, argued the *Times,* but he is also a capable executive. Respectfully, I dissent. My argument is that he could be, having the brains but lacking the disposition.

One of the cardinal planks in the Walker platform of 1925 was a comprehensive bus system to serve all New York. The Mayor single-handed whipped the Board of Estimate, of which he is chairman, into giving this franchise to the Equitable Coach Company. Two years passed and not a single bus materialized. It was discovered that the Equitable was without funds and had always been so. The bus program, a campaign promise, vanished into thin air.

This might have become a political liability but for Walker's great good luck. The Interborough Rapid Transit Company had meanwhile forced a fight in the federal courts on one of the contracts under which it operates city-built and city-owned subways. The contract stipulated a five-cent fare, and the Interborough wanted seven cents. Invalidation of the contract would have been necessary. The case went to the United States Supreme Court, with the city and the Transit Commission as opponents of the Interborough. The court, without rendering an opinion as to the validity of the contract, tossed out the suit for lack of jurisdiction and remanded it to the New York State courts for settlement.

Mayor Walker promptly misinterpreted the action—for public consumption. Loudly he hailed the decision as one validating the contract. Joyous New Yorkers forgot the

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collapse of the bus program. The Mayor knew that the technicalities of the decision would be beyond his constituents, who would be only too ready to take his own interpretation.

* * * * *

"I am a statesman, not a politician," said the Mayor only recently. Right and wrong, respectively. One of the inheritances of the Walker administration was an inefficient police department. In making a police commissioner of Joseph Warren, now deceased, a former law partner and a close friend, Walker did not help matters. Murder after murder went unsolved. The voters grew restive, and raised a real howl when Arnold Rothstein was murdered. Rothstein was a sort of underworld ambassador to officialdom, and nobody knew or dared guess how far his crooked fingers wound into administrative offices.

In an inspired moment Walker, firing Mr. Warren, persuaded Grover A. Whalen, best known as a sartorially perfect receptionist, to quit a $100,000 a year job at Wanamaker's and take the police portfolio at $10,000. Whalen immediately launched a series of speakeasy raids, a curious thing in a State which has no dry law. He followed this action with traffic innovations, then parking reforms, then a departmental shake-up. Rothstein, so effectively buried under an endless stream of diverting publicity emanating from Whalen, quickly lost potency as a political issue.

Other murders have since gone unsolved, but Whalen has worked out a formula. After each he waits a proper interval, and then shakes up his sub-officials. Representative Fiorella H. LaGuardia, Republican candidate for mayor, remarked once that a couple more killings, and all the well-shaken police would be back where they started.

What could better demonstrate a Do-nothing policy? The police are still as inefficient as they were; the city still lacks an intelligent transit policy. Mayor Walker has not remedied conditions, but has covered them up to the mollification of dissenters and the satisfaction of supporters, a trick to be classified as able diplomacy and an element in statesmanship.

* * * * *

Mayor Walker has made it plain that his claim to reelection is his public-works program. A $300,000,000 subway program; a $600,000,000 school-building schedule; hundreds of millions for vehicular tunnels; hundreds of millions for additional water supply; millions for hospitals; millions for parks and playgrounds; millions for this and more for that. Conscientiously he cannot claim credit for these items. They were not his ideas, but those of the engineers in the Board of Transportation and in the office of Borough President Julius Miller. There was no opposition worth the name. In this respect Walker has done no more than help the public get what it wanted. What politician would do less?

* * * * *

August Heckscher, the philanthropist, formed a committee of 682 persons to ask Walker to run again. This committee was called "non-partisan" because, beside the venerable Mr. Heckscher, it contained one other Republican. The rest was composed in part of Tammanyites and a goodly portion of really important business leaders who had never been politically active. The committee bore a broad suggestion of having been formed at the suggestion of the Mayor, but there was no proof of this.

Mr. Heckscher was the spokesman, talking for himself and the business men generally. "Mr. Mayor," he said, "your friends have been disturbed of late by the report that after four years of brilliant effort you may prefer to retire to private life. It would in our judgment be nothing short of a calamity to compel the electorate at this time to seek a new leader."

In other words, big business, satisfied with Walker, opposes a change in administration. No business house ever removed a satisfactory executive. Business wanted Coolidge because he was satisfactory. Failing in that, it fell in behind Hoover, presumably with the supposition that, having been in the Vermonter's cabinet so long, he would naturally succeed to the principle of his predecessor: Sit Tight: Don't Rock the Boat!

The financiers and mass productionists want no boat rockers. They want a hand that can be relied upon to give the tiller no unexpected shoves or jerks. Also, few turbulent craft ever carried a cheery crew. Big business accordingly put its rubber-stamp O. K. on the brow of Jimmie Walker.

But how has business, the symbolical Wall Street, with its cry of prosperity, become so important a factor in politics? Why do the voters follow the big business man? The answer lies, I think, in the undeniable circumstance that every man in the country nurses an ambition to become a millionaire. If not that, he wants to get as much as he can. For advice he looks not to public leaders but to business leaders. They have made millions, they can tell him how it is done. If, then, the man he wishes to emulate cries for Coolidge, or Walker, so cries the grocery clerk and the soap seller, each naively believing that all is for his own betterment.

* * * * *

In the four Walker years the budget climbed more than a hundred million to $538,000,000. Even this morsel of criticism Walker spoiled for his adversaries. "I don't care what the budget amounts to in dollars and cents," he said; "if we're going to improve New York we've got to pay for it"—and more than 600 persons who had gathered to hear him say this in announcing his candidacy strained their lungs in cheers.

After saying this, and a great deal more about his splendid public works, Walker answered Mr. Heckscher with "Who could say no?" There, to me, is all of James J. Walker in four words. A pleasant, flattering sort of accession to public demand, as if to say, "Anything to oblige —anything."

It appears, then, that Walker has improved on the Coolidge precepts for successful statesmanship. In this age of efficiency, I suppose any dunderhead could make himself popular by being penurious. Walker isn't that; he is a spendthrift, but he spends the taxpayers' money in such a likeable way. He has that diplomatic faculty of making nothing sound of utmost importance, and, in the same strain, of making important things sound commonplace.

Many a newspaperman has rushed from Mr. Walker's office in City Hall to the press room bubbling with the belief that he had obtained a "big story" from the Mayor's lips. After a few minutes, however, when the dynamic discharge of the Mayor's personality had had time to evaporate, and

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the ebullient reporter had had time to cogitate, he found himself the possessor of columns of admirable ambiguities, with nothing of value but a touch of humor.

* * * * *

This ability to pour forth extemporaneous high-sounding nothings has made James J. Walker popular half around the world. Was he not invited to Stone Mountain, Georgia, to dedicate a monument to Southern Civil War heroes? Did he not keep European dignitaries waiting for him from fifteen minutes to half an hour all across the continent and make them like it? Even that tardiness is part of his charm. No man, not even the Mayor of New York, could be unavoidably late to every appointment. Walker is late because he wants to be. It is part of his political philosophy. Make 'em wait, he believes, they like you better when you do get there! Besides, it gives him the benefit of a stage entrance.

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This is Jimmie Walker, the mayor and the man. He has learned to do nothing in a gigantic and fetching way.

For that he will be reelected.

Forest Devastation Must Stop

By ROBERT MARSHALL

IT is now approximately a quarter of a century since Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot girded their armor on and set forth to battle with the infidels who were rapidly destroying our forests. Peculiarly enough their crusade attracted to its banner people who under ordinary circumstances condoned all damage to public welfare when it stood in the way of private profit. But the denudation of the forests seemed to touch some sentimental filament in the minds of the staunchest defenders of laissez faire, setting them to vibrant denunciations of the private greed which was laying desolate millions of acres of the most magnificent woods on the surface of the earth. However, such flaming ardor as these transient conservationists evinced was too intense to persist. Once they had helped in establishing a non-political Forest Service, in placing the National Forests under its jurisdiction, in reserving a limited area for recreational use, in reducing the extent of forest fires from holocaust to conflagration, and in stopping complete devastation in the more obvious places, they felt that the fight had been won. So they retired complacently to their customary activities, and ever after regaled bored friends and children with stories of their altruistic endeavors.

Meanwhile among those who were actually engaged in practising or trying to practise forestry a remarkable change in attitude had come about. The Pinchot-Roosevelt theory had been a militant one—that forest devastation must if necessary be forcibly superseded by forest perpetuation. As an example of what could be done the National Forests were administered in a way which brought fires under comparatively adequate control and made cutting operations, with few exceptions, guarantee a new forest to replace the one removed. But to compel the private lumberman to emulate the principles of management practised on the National Forests proved so unexpectedly difficult and so habitually unsuccessful that foresters became discouraged, and turned to the more facile path of cooperation and persuasion. As a triumphant climax to this new attitude the Clarke-McNary Act was passed in 1924. It provided for cooperation between the Federal Government, the States, and the private owners. This measure was quite generally praised, and foresters and conservationists rollicked in the happy assurance that cooperation, if only there was enough of it, would eventually put an end to the devastation of private lands, and that forestry would flourish on every side.

Into this complacency, more or less like a bombshell, has come a recent privately printed bulletin entitled "Deforested America,"* written by Major George P. Ahern, with an animated foreword by Gifford Pinchot. In it Major Ahern sets forth with abundant documentation that:

1. The annual forest fire damage, despite twenty-five years of forestry, is appalling.

2. Our virgin forests will be exhausted in from twenty to thirty years.

3. The forests being logged by private companies are seldom cut in a manner which will insure a new crop of timber.

In view of the fact that Major Ahern's bulletin is at such marked variance with the prevalent attitude, it is only fair to inquire into the correctness of its conclusions. In the first place, it is well to point out that the brochure cannot be dismissed as the cranky fantasy of some wild young radical. Quite the opposite. The Major is a veteran West Point graduate; he served for ten years prior to the Spanish War amid the severities of the old frontier, was cited for gallantry in action in Cuba, participated in the suppression of the Philippine insurrection, and then organized the Philippine Forest Service, at the head of which he remained for fifteen years. Here he made a distinguished record as administrator of some 40,000,000 acres of timber land. After returning from the Islands he served as Secretary of the Army War College during the World War.

Major Ahern's statements in regard to the staggering fire loss and the disappearance of the virgin forest are almost unanimously concurred in by students of the forestry situation. In the former respect the government figures of 158,338 forest fires and thirty million acres burned in 1927, with a five-year average not far behind, speak for themselves. As for the prospective exhaustion of the virgin forest, this has long been recognized as an inevitable development. The critical issue is whether new forests are growing up to replace the primeval stands which have been harvested or burned. If they are, well and good. Then timber growing is on a sustained basis and we are sure of a perpetual supply of wood. The virgin forests will become a pleasant myth of an unessential Eden where timber was procured without the human effort of growing it. But if new forests are not springing up to replace the virgin stands, what then? Simply that in the not distant future we shall

* Copies may be obtained for 20 cents by addressing Deforested America, 1617 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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find ourselves in the throes of a timber famine, terrible in direct proportion to the amount of our forest land which lies idle and devastated. The situation will be analogous to that which would obtain if we left our grain lands idle. In that event there would of course be a disastrous frumentary famine. But there would be this notable alleviation to the situation regarding unproductive grain lands: in the following year they could be replanted, and a full crop might be harvested within a few months. But in the raising of forest crops it will generally take a hundred years from the time we make up our minds that our lands should cease to be unproductive to the time when we can mature timber upon them.

That we actually are leaving a shockingly large share of our lands in such an unproductive condition is strikingly brought out by Major Ahern. He quotes the familiar United States Forest Service estimate that 81,000,000 acres out of 470,000,000 acres of potential forest land in the United States are completely devoid of any arboreal vegetation. A great share of the 251,000,000 acres of second growth is bearing only a small fraction of the amount of wood it could support. As a result we are removing 25,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood from our forests annually, while it is calculated that only 6,000,000,000 cubic feet are being returned in growth. Major Ahern amplifies these general statistics with some forty-eight pages devoted to fairly selected quotations from Federal, State, and private reports, and the bulk of them bear out emphatically the claim that a large share of the logged lands are restocking inadequately or not at all.

Then what's to be done about it? Sit by hopefully and pray that cooperation may bring better times? Or go militantly forward to procure those better times by compulsion? It is the latter course which Gifford Pinchot and Major Ahern propose.

In regard to the disappearance of the virgin stands all remedies are nugatory. We can only reserve a certain share of the remaining primeval forest for recreational purposes, and make up our minds that from a commercial standpoint the ancient woods will soon be a thing of the past.

In regard to the fire situation four steps seem essential. First, vastly increased expenditures are imperative in order to establish an adequate protective force. Second, there should be coercive regulation of private cutting operations to allay fire danger. This is already done by several States, such as Idaho, which obliges all operators to pile and burn logging slash, and New York, which stipulates that the branches on the tops of cut coniferous trees must be lopped. Third, there is still need of educating a large share of our match-using public concerning the dangerous and evil aspect of the gift of Prometheus. And fourth, further research into the factors affecting the initiation, spread, and control of fires is required.

But the most critical of the three problems is how to obtain satisfactory forests to replace the ones which are being cut at the rate of from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres per year. There is no question that such new forests can be obtained. The United States Forest Service has given ample demonstration that it can cut forests and at the same time leave the land productive. A number of private concerns have done the same. But this result cannot be accomplished without effort. Forestry requires scientists to learn the underlying rules of nature which may be responsible for either devastation or regeneration of the forest; artists to take these rules and apply them in the actual conditions of the woods; and special labor to carry out the more complicated methods of cutting which are usually required to insure the reproduction of the forest.

All this means money, and money means a loss of profits. That is the crux of the whole situation. Cutting the forest for the future public welfare implies in almost all cases a sacrifice of present private profits. And the number of private operators who are willing to sacrifice their own immediate profits for the benefit of their unborn great-great-grandchildren runs to very few figures. There is only one way that the average lumberman under these circumstances can be made to respect what is unquestionably the public welfare, and that way is through *government compulsion*.

In this connection Gifford Pinchot has said: "Major Ahern's success in forest conservation in the Philippines was built on government control of lumbering. That is and always has been the foundation of such success throughout the world. And throughout the world the right of the government to exercise such control in the public interest is recognized. Without it forest devastation has never been stopped anywhere. Without it forest devastation cannot be stopped in the United States."

Somehow we must have timber fifty and a hundred years from now. We can have it, as has been repeatedly demonstrated on government cuttings. But unfortunately 80 per cent of our timber is in private ownership. And here, despite twenty-five years of excuses and promises, little forestry of any sort is being practised. The period for voluntary private forestry is over. The government must step in and compel the private timber owner to leave the forest which he exploits in a productive condition. If the operator protests that economic conditions make this impossible, then his lands should be taken over by the government, which can and does practise forestry.

Geneva

By IVY LITVINOV

IT is a pity that a little gray town on a blue lake should produce brown associations such as protocol-ratification-arbitration - safeguarding - moral - disarmament, and the rest of the bag of tricks. It is the old game of making jam horrid by associations of gray powders. A philosopher might claim that the opposite is true, and that the sight of gray powder in later years may call up the delicious scent of raspberry jam. Thus women infallibly remember the penny-worth-of-pear-drops-please, in a screw of paper, when they employ "liquid polish" upon their finger-nails, or if they do not they have never been little girls. . . . What then, about tear-bombs, which undeniably smell of tinned pears, you may ask, and the philosopher would have no answer. . . . And yet the law of compensation does work sometimes, for while the newspaper reader's reaction to the word "Geneva" may be "League of Nations"—mine to "League of Nations" will ever be a white sail watched from under

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the branches of a cedar tree, seen through a plate-glass window . . . and my glance has only to fall upon the long brown cover of the minutes-of-fourth-session-of-preparatory-commission-for-disarmament-conference-and-of-first-session-of-committee-on-arbitration-and-security-series-V-c-667-M-225-1927-IX, wherever I may be, and I am transported to those asphalt shores, where the sea-gulls range themselves like strings of pearls up and down the moorings of the steamers that rest all winter beside the promenade. They seem to know that the people in the hotel opposite like to look through the window at them, and though you are most unchivalrously requested, by an officious note in the lift, not to feed them, they kindly overlook the meanness, or else hope springs eternal in their soft gray breasts.

I am the worst tourist in the world, or I think so. At any rate I hate being led up to beauty-spots, and ten to one if I am I shall remember all the wrong things, from the orthodox point of view. Thus my only memory of Bozen is a wonderful dish of blue trout at the Laurien, eaten under the stars in a leafy garden, and the old shoemaker in Ober-Bolzen who so skilfully stuck a wrenched heel on to my shoe, while I waited, and charged me something that could scarcely be computed in farthings; and there is a renowned cathedral town in France of which my only distinct memory is something much, much worse than the pea which disturbed the slumbers of the real princess. And is not Chamonix forever associated in my mind with wistful memories of the "English Tea-Rooms," past which they dragged me, all unwilling, to go and see a glacier, although ice cream in a glass seemed infinitely more beautiful to me just then.

Pursuit—whether of beauty or anything else—is seldom successful, since most things worth pursuing are more swift than we. Perhaps that is why the modest charms of Geneva are so indelibly engraved upon my unconsciousness, and ever ready to flash upon the inward eye, that truest bliss of solitude, not, it is true, as on my couch I lie in vacant or in pensive mood, but whenever I see a newspaper headline about disarmament or read Senator Borah's opinion of the League of Nations. If Wordsworth had gone out specially to admire the daffodils, be sure we should never have had the poem. He didn't; he went out to get an appetite for dinner, or perhaps to walk off the effects of dinner, and "all at once" he saw a crowd, a host of golden daffodils. And that was something to write home about. And so if you go to a place to work, and are so busy all the time that you can hardly snatch a few hours to look at it, you may find when you get home that it is yours forever. It has told you all its secrets, because you did not try to force its confidence.

Almost all my walks abroad in Geneva have been made of necessity, and not just for pleasure, or to kill time. Often I could only leave the hotel late in the evening, to buy a cake of soap, or a tube of tooth-paste, and then it is that I have seen the tired but ever-affable shop-keeper, sitting out on a chair in front of his half-open shop, to enjoy the evening air and serve the chance customer. I have returned through discreet back streets, with pots of geraniums between the half-drawn curtains on the window-sills, and closed shop-fronts, where elastic-sided boots and carpet slippers will hang out in bunches tomorrow, and "Würsterei" where sausages still hang in fronds from a steel bar, or lie in neat coils on their frigid slab. And the little streets, with their humble dwellings, their rather one-horse hairdressers' shops, their shabby couturières and modistes, are as discreet and inviolate as if they didn't know perfectly well that they rubbed shoulders (or at any rate backsides) with the Hotel les Bergues, the Beau-Rivage, the Bellevue, and the rest of the notabilities, and as if every one of them didn't lead straight into a blaze of lights and hotel-fronts and asphalt paths, and orthodox Swiss "scenery," complete with Mont Blanc. Even the tall brown flats rising mysteriously aloof at odd corners are too discreet to boast of their nearness to all this splendor. They are reserved and decently prosperous, just as the little houses are reserved and decently penurious. And a step round any corner you like to take will bring you past the side of a garage, the back of a hotel, into the smug luxury of the Quai des Bergues. If you have the right-colored ticket, you may find your way to a long room, all windows, full of sober-looking gentlemen. It is very quiet and reassuring here, for it is quite obvious that nothing of any sort is going to happen. But the day I was there a tactless person got up and suggested that all these gentlemen should vote for immediate disarmament. A little bird on the tall cedar outside one of the windows fell from its branch as if it had been shot. It had been listening in at peace conferences for years and was not used to such wild talk.

Summer School Is Over

By A SCHOOLMA'AM

HAVING received the command from our superintendent, as usual, that we must attend summer school—"to get in touch with the latest developments in the field of education"—thousands of us flocked to the State universities this year, as usual, and enrolled in the school of education, where we are privileged annually to watch those developments spring full-armed from the Jovian minds of the professors of education and their disciples, the school administrators.

We are given a problem to investigate: the purpose of education in a democracy. "Scholarship is no longer the primary purpose of the public school," the lecturer informs us; and recalling our year's duties of supervising vaudeville shows and other "extra-curricular activities," we understand.

The textbook, written by another professor of education, supports our instructor:

> The best judgment of the present rates practical ability somewhat higher, and *culture of the semi-selfish sort* somewhat lower than has been the case in the past.

Just who these profound philosophers of the present may be whose judgment the professor rates as the best, he does not tell us, but scholarship and culture being taboo, we duly register our scorn for them in our report, and turn to the recognized purposes of education. First there is Character Building. Here is a whole book, "Golden Deeds in Character Building," written by a superintendent of schools to show how it is done in his town:

> In all their reading, in the study of history, in current events, in literature, and in their contact with life, the

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children are encouraged to treasure in their minds the good deeds and noble impulses which they may discover and tell them to their companions during the daily period devoted to this exercise. In a word, the children of ——— are continually on the lookout for deeds which illustrate neatness, politeness, gentleness, kindness, love, truthfulness, duty, fidelity, obedience, nobility, gratitude, forgiveness, honesty, confession, self-control, honor, courage, modesty, self-respect, prudence, good name, manners, health, success, labor, temperance, thrift, reverence, patriotism, and other desirable qualities.

* * *

They not only search for good deeds in their reading and among their associates, but they get their parents to assist them. Many parents have told me that they have themselves been helped and strengthened by assisting their children in this laudable search for the true, the beautiful, and the good. And teachers, too, have been made stronger, they inform me, by continually dwelling upon the good actions that are daily reported in their classrooms.

This is very encouraging to the superintendent, and he makes further suggestions:

It would be an excellent plan for every family to keep a Golden Deeds Book, and for each member of it, when at table or around the fireside, to report all the good and worthy things that they have seen, heard, or read about during the day. . . . When the neighborhood learned that such books were in existence, it might walk more circumspectly and grow an ambition to have some of its good deeds enrolled in the book.

The superintendent's book is so rich in observation that we are tempted to linger over it. He even traces the cause of the World War:

Learning without character is a vain and noxious thing. The great underlying cause of the world conflagration which Germany started, and the horrible deeds which her soldiers committed on sea and on land were largely the fruit of her highly efficient system of education. But though efficient, it was grossly material. . . . Juvenile books contained no subtle moral lesson that should influence youth to goodness and gentility.

The superintendent reveals what may be done for juvenile literature by writing verses for each of the virtues that the children are especially to cherish, in which the moral lesson is as subtly concealed as in the following:

POLITENESS

Above all else I'll be polite
And kind and never give a slight
To any person who may be
In station not quite up to me.
In fact, I'll be to everyone
Polite and kind like Jefferson.

TRUTHFULNESS

And I shall not prevaricate
Nor anything exaggerate
But speak the truth in all I say
And form that habit every day.
This habit when in youth begun
Will help me grow like Washington.

The superintendent's work, we fear, will live beyond him many a year.

Then there is Education for Democracy. "Are we practicing the democracy we preach?" ask the writers in the educational journals to which we are referred; "No. We have abolished the aristocracy of birth, but we still retain an aristocracy of intellect." Away with it. The schools must be "democratized." The subjects must be "democratized." Even the English language must be "democratized," as the head of a normal-school department of English tells us in urbanely hyphenated accents:

Do you know why English teachers are failing to teach English that gets across and carries over into life, that acts as a cementing and solidifying element in our democracy? It is partly because they teach and preach impossible ideals of a pure-bred and blue-blooded language, of a high-brow and "hifalutin" speech, patrician English, nasty-nice, top-lofty, schoolroom English. If we are to be common-minded, we must have a common speech—and that will never be the speech of scholars and pedants and prunes-and-prism-y rhetoricians. It must be a robust and vigorous American speech, full of snap and sparkle, of warmth and color, close to life, rooted in the soil. The reason the classical idea—in English or any other subject—is undemocratic is because it is a class idea.

Assuredly, with culture democracy can have nothing to do.

Well, the schools have been democratized. When the town bully and his gang rebel against studying, the high-school principal gives orders to the teachers: "Give easier lessons. The democratic school is for the many, not for the few." When the same bully finds English composition irksome, the principal issues another order: "More students will use English in talking than in writing. Teach Oral English. Teaching composition is undemocratic." Thus we follow the primrose path of democracy.

The really up-to-date school, we learn at last, is devoted to Education for Citizenship. Good citizenship—which no one defines—can be attained only through preliminary practice in good school citizenship. And does good school citizenship consist in doing one's daily duty? It does not. It means taking part in the "socialized activities" of the school, such as playing on the football team or in the jazz orchestra, distributing posters for the coming game, arranging decorations for the dance, or ordering tally cards for the school bridge party—in short, any of the things a reluctant schoolboy would rather do than study his lessons. "Scholarship is no longer the primary purpose of the public school."

That good citizenship might conceivably consist first of all in doing one's own work well, and second in bringing informed judgment to bear upon public questions, the good professors of education cannot agree for a moment. Some disagreeable realist might inquire just how much faith we shall be able to place in our lawyers, or physicians, or teachers, or engineers in the future if during their training they are told: "Scholarship is no longer the primary purpose of your school work." But that caustic comment we know better than to put into our report.

There are other equally evangelical purposes of education: Education for Leadership, Education for the Abundant Life, Education for Social Efficiency—education for everything except education. Every well-meaning superintendent of schools or professor of education with a utopian dream of his own sees in the schools the means of making it come true, and the subjects in the schools he controls must be made to conform to it.

"We are not justified in teaching anything for its own

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sake," says the author of a textbook on "Education for Citizenship."

> Art, history, economics, and Latin have no claims of their own upon the time of the pupil. They are valued only as they forward the educational purpose.

According to the same authority:

> Music might properly be classed with the social sciences, inasmuch as the teaching aims should be chiefly social and civic. . . . When children are allowed to choose records, it is noticeable that they often turn to patriotic selections.

So much for music. And for history, not more—or less:

> The history teacher [this from a committee of superintendents reporting through an educational journal] can, through suggestion and question, elicit the moral significance of each historical event in furthering the progress of the world.

A supervisor of social studies is quoted in a Western educational journal as follows:

> Many of the literary selections taught in the high schools are in certain parts contrary to the ideals that the school is trying to teach, as for example the tragedies of Shakespeare. Shakespeare pictures the indecisive and morbid Hamlet, the ambitious and bloody Macbeth, the impractical Brutus; and always in the background hovers the shadow of uncertainty, of fear, of conflict with unmasterful forces. He points out that the wages of sin is death, and depicts vividly and beautifully a study in failure. We hold that the wages of righteousness is life and are trying to teach a philosophy of success.

The writer therefore recommends a study of "our current environment"; for "the personal achievement of today is more vivid than the wildest flights of yesterday's imagination."

* * * * *

Summer school is over.

Was it not Goethe who once remarked, "Nothing is so terrible as active ignorance"?

In the Driftway

AMERICA needs more sleep. It is a need even more insistent than that for a good five-cent cigar, which Ex-Vice-President Marshall once said was the supreme requirement of the country. Everywhere the Drifter goes he encounters sleepy people. At times he is even slightly somnolent himself. It is argued in certain quarters that the apparently increasing prevalence of sleepiness among Americans is due to the noise and hurry of modern existence, which use up one's energies rapidly. Doubtless there is reason in the theory, but the Drifter is old-fashioned enough to believe that the primary cause of sleepiness among Americans is lack of sufficient sleep.

* * * * *

OF course the immediate retort to the Drifter's campaign for more sleep is, Try and get it. Obviously there is no hope of increasing the amount of sleeping we do at night. There is too much else to do then. What with dancing and bridge, theaters and movies, the automobile, the radio, the phonograph, necking, and other diversions, we cannot encroach any further upon the hours of the night for sleep. Time then is too precious. What the Drifter advocates is more sleep by day, when there is practically nothing else to do but work. The Drifter has no hope of introducing the *siesta*—that excellent custom of a regular snooze at midday—into America, but he would have every office equipped with a couch upon which the tired business man might lie down for forty winks from time to time. In fact the Drifter would provide not only for the tired business man but for all his weary slaves. Our building and factory laws should not stop with requirements for fire escapes and wash rooms; they should provide that bunks be erected around every wall, in the manner of a ship's forecastle, into which the heavy-eyed worker, who no longer has time to sleep by night, might crawl for a nap. The Drifter advocates this not as a humanitarian measure but purely in the interest of efficiency. How much better to sleep half an hour and then work energetically for the next three or four than to dissipate the energy of a whole afternoon in a fight to keep one's eyelids apart! Americans are urged nowadays to relax. But for Pete's sake where? We need a nation-wide chain of relaxing stations.

* * * * *

THE Drifter thinks there is a future in this country for hotels that charge by the hour instead of by the day. Of course he anticipates the ribald grin with which this suggestion will be received. No, he is not thinking of that kind of patronage, so stop your laughing. He is thinking of workers who would be as glad to pay for half an hour's nap at noontime as for a lunch; of commuters and others who must go from work to evening engagements and would like the chance of a bath and a snooze at something less than the cost of a hotel room for twenty-four hours. The Drifter has even conceived a plan for sleeping booths, operated automatically like those now used for telephones. Railway stations and other public places might provide booths where by dropping a quarter or fifty cents in a slot a shelf would pop out, upon which one could curl oneself for a rest. A time meter would make it possible to pay in advance for just the amount of sleep that a patron wished to take, registered by quarter hours instead of by quarter miles as distance is registered in a taxicab. When the allotted period was up a little bell would tinkle for two minutes, at the end of which time the shelf would drop down and, if he had not already removed himself, the sleeper would be dumped on the floor from a sufficient height to render him almost instantly alert and probably a little hot under the collar, which is a good antidote for somnolence. Of course a cold bath might be provided into which to drop, but this would be impractical without undressing, and the Drifter's scheme does not contemplate either time or room for that process.

* * * * *

ARCHIBALD CRAIG of Jersey City writes in regard to the Drifter's remarks on steamboats in the issue of August 14:

> Twice I have seen, and both times, I believe, by you, the statement hazarded that the Betsy Ann is a side-wheeler. Allow me to assure you that the Betsy Ann, like all Ohio River boats that I remember seeing, is a stern-

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wheeler. There used to be, when I lived in Pittsburgh, a side-wheel packet that ran up the Monongahela, which was then locked, but only stern-wheelers ran on the unlocked Ohio. The stern-wheeler can more safely navigate shallow water and can more conveniently make a landing on the natural shore.

One of the most delightful experiences of my life was a trip from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati. Once we made a landing on an unimproved shore in the middle of the night, and delivered a shipment of lumber. A side-wheeler could not have done that. I am writing this just because I am so pleased and proud to be associated with the Betsy Ann.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Applejack Directory

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was shocked to read the confession of the Sage of Ballard Vale, Mr. Steven T. Byington, that at the age of sixty, "after having lived . . . in three cities and ten country towns of five States" he had "not yet heard of a specified town or farm or house or other locality in which applejack was said to be made or used."

That is a shame. And I never suspected it. I would have considered it an honor to have taken Mr. Byington to any one of a score of farms and cider mills round about Morristown, Dover, Boonton, Mt. Freedom, or Butler, Hackettstown, and Middleville, all in the apple-juicy State of New Jersey, and introduced him to that most divine of beverages, applejack, true applejack, not so-called hard cider. What flavor, what aroma, what bouquet—and what a wallop! Many were the demijohns I brought home after week-ending in Jersey and with my friends (some of them well known to Mr. Byington) sample and discuss the subtle differences between two-year, three-year, and four-year-old applejack. I have had passably good applejack at sundry farm houses in Dutchess County, New York State, but nothing approaching the quality of the New Jersey article.

In Mr. Byington's own home State, in the little village of Tyringham, a sturdy, honest farmer, militant deacon of one of the two churches that could not afford one $400-a-year minister between them, regaled me for three weeks with some of the choicest applejack it was ever my fortune to quaff. The friendly, heart-expanding bouts Farmer W. and I had in that dark, cool cellar of his! It is a pity that so rich an experience as Mr. Byington's did not include the exaltation of applejack. He simply did not know the right farmers.

New York, July 27 JOSEPH ELLMER

Mathematics and Inference

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An article entitled Science and Certitude in the July 24 issue betrays a lack of knowledge on your part of what one might call the "theory of mathematical or scientific reasoning." Allow me to quote from Professor Cassius Jackson Keyser's new book entitled "The Pastures of Wonder: The Realm of Mathematics and the Realm of Science." He makes a distinction between two types of propositions, the "hypothetical" proposition and the "categorical" proposition. The former is defined as a proposition in which the conclusion may be "logically deduced" from the hypothesis. The latter is one in which the conclusion cannot be logically deduced from the hypothesis. Now a "mathematical" proposition can be defined as an "hypothetical" proposition which has been established, and a "scientific" proposition as a "categorical" one which has been established. Furthermore, the realm of science has for its aim the establishment of categorical propositions. But in the establishing of such propositions, the use of mathematical propositions is often necessary, and the fact that the result of the entire series of propositions is later disproved does not mean that the mathematical propositions are untrue. The entire problem of the validity of any given conclusion is usually one of establishing the categorical propositions involved, because the mathematical propositions can be relatively easily established.

With these definitions in mind you may be able to understand the basis for the controversies now proceeding in the realm of science, and you will not proclaim in such an astonished manner that two conclusions, one of which you had accepted as fact and which is now disproved by another, are not "part of any body of actual knowledge."

New York, July 27 O. L. HOOPER

[The point made by the author of this letter is exactly the one which we attempted to make in a previous editorial on Einstein—namely, that a distinction must be made between a train of reasoning which is sound mathematics, and an inference concerning physical nature drawn from such a purely mathematical train of reasoning. The inference may be false even if the mathematics is good.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Irony

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Add one more to the list of life's little jokes! "All Quiet on the Western Front," one of the severest condemnations of war ever printed, is being broadcast to the people of these United States through the yellow sheets of none other than our fire-eating William R. Hearst!

New York, July 19 CHARLES LOOKER

One Mother

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just tucked my three-year-old to sleep and am settled in a chair to read "All Quiet." Just a few moments of it and the horror of the war it describes brings the sensation of bulging eyes and fast-pounding heart. Do we women live, suffer, and sometimes die to create life that has so little meaning?

While I read, a radio nearby maintains a steady boom. Willy-nilly, I listen and soon I detect a discussion between two men, one of whom is introduced as an ex-captain of the air service. He proceeds to enlighten us on the subject of mobilization of an air force in the event of a "national emergency." It is unbelievable that, after the lesson of the last war and the documents it inspired, there can still be so blatant a discussion of war and that war is so evidently accepted as a possibility by the millions who listen in.

I am just an ordinary woman with a sprinkling of cosmic interests. During the World War I was too young to be anything more than a milk-and-water pacifist. Now, I for one will be damned first before accepting war either as a possibility or a reality. If our civilization has any meaning, if life itself has any value, this problem of world peace must be solved beyond merely gracing the front pages of newspapers.

New York City, July 24

HELEN C. ROSENBAUM

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Skeptical Reader

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Mr. Paul Benton's rejoinder apropos of the press and its foreign news service it seems that he does Mr. Charles E. Payne an injustice. Has he forgotten Lippmann's and Merz's exposures of the outgivings of one of the papers he mentions concerning the Russian Revolution; or the sacking by one of our metropolitan dailies of a foreign correspondent who wrote too truthfully about China two years ago? And why did *The Nation* send Carleton Beals into Nicaragua? And how about the flagrant misrepresentations of the press in the spring of 1928 when the sessions of the Pan-American Congress were held almost within hailing distance of that devastated country? Then, the reporting of the "Good Will" tour of the President-elect not so long ago, and the supine acceptance of a tight censorship of news that *was* news. What of that?

There has been going on during nine years, in India, one of the most interesting revolutions that the world has ever seen or is likely to see. How much would Americans know about that were it not for extra-newspaper articles and stories? In 1920, at Neghpur, all but two out of more than thirty thousand voting delegates registered their will that their country use only "peaceful and legitimate means" to gain their freedom; and as many more non-voting delegates supported them. An astounding piece of news! Did Mr. Benton see it in any paper? And did he know anything about the frightful Amritsar massacre until about nine months after it occurred? Fudge, Mr. Benton, opinions cannot alter facts.

Rye, New York, August 3 Blanche Watson

Moscow Sun Worshippers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just finished Stuart Chase's article, Confessions of a Sun Worshipper, in your good Nation. Yesterday, we went out to a country datcha. From Moscow we boarded a tramcar and at the end of one-half hour we were walking through a forest of fairy-like larches towards the river which lay at the foot of glorious meadow land.

Imagine! A vast expanse of sky with rolling clouds tipped with golden sunlight. A winding river—tributary of the Moscow River—lapped gently through slight ravines. Above, the meadows lay green and purple in the distance and along the ridge by the river we passed on to the beach. Don't think of any beach that you know. This was nature and souls were there to worship the sun, wind, and cloud. A boat hewn out of a tree took us to the deeper part of the river. We sat and watched the beauty. A troop of soldiers, singing, rode down bareback on horses. The soldiers were nude. They sang their way riding with careless beauty right into the water. Had an artist composed the group it could not have been more beautiful. A young man, bronzed and lithe and entirely nude, is playing with other young men in the water. They wrestle with him. Two girls like Venuses run into the stream. A group of babies are playing at the edge of the waves. Everywhere are bronzed bodies and tanned beauty. Some are jumping, some are running, some are washing midstream—which is shallow—but almost all are nude. No one bothers to look at the other except in kindly admiration if some especially clever feat has been done. The Russians don't swim much—they just walk and lie in the sun. They do not seem to eat on the beaches. In a word, they are sun worshippers. And the curious fact is this: nude, they are beautiful; the men are strong and straight and powerful, the girls are round and graceful and feminine. But the tragic moment comes when they must put on their clothes. If they are pretty, it is not so bad, but when this handsome bronzed boy puts on his dusty and dingy blouse and the powerful soldier his uniform, one is sorry. It is all so wonderful, so natural, so harmonious—the sky, the clouds, the river, the meadows—and human beings who fit it without question or shame.

Moscow, July 30 Peggy Tucker

Sacco-Vanzetti Meeting

The Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial Committee will hold its Second Anniversary Meeting in the Town Hall, 113 West 43d Street, New York City, on Friday evening, August 23, at 8.30. Henry Raymond Mussey, managing editor of *The Nation,* will preside. The list of speakers is as follows:

Dr. Alice Hamilton, of the Harvard Medical School.
Professor Morris R. Cohen, of the College of the City of New York.
Professor Horace M. Kallen, of the New School for Social Research.
Reverend Sidney Lovett, of the Mt. Vernon Congregational Church of Boston.
Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, of the Community Church of Boston.

***The Nation* Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.**
526M.—WMCA—570 K.
August 26—Mr. Mussey
September 2—Mr. Norman Thomas

Contributors to This Issue

Paul Porter is field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy.

Craig F. Thompson is on the staff of the New York *World.*

Robert Marshall is in the laboratory of plant physiology of Johns Hopkins University.

Ivy Litvinov is the wife of the acting Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs.

Harold Lewis Cook is an American poet living in France.

Witter Bynner is author of many volumes of poetry.

Clifton P. Fadiman is head of the editorial department of Simon & Schuster.

R. F. Dibble is the author of "Mohammed."

Raymond Leslie Buell is the author of "The Native Problem in Africa."

Blanche Bloch has just organized a women's orchestra in New York.

Eliseo Vivas was formerly in the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

A. Paul J. Dessauer has made a special study of witchcraft, demonolatory, and related subjects.

Hiram Motherwell is editor of the *Theatre Guild Magazine.*

Nelson Antrim Crawford is editor of the *Household Magazine,* published by Senator Arthur Capper.

Anita Brenner contributes frequently to *The Nation* on Latin-American topics.

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Books

Testament

By WITTER BYNNER

Crumble me with fire into the desert sand.
I have seen dead cattle, and I understand
Slow crumbling well enough to wish my hand
No shape at all when it has been unmanned.
So do your best to make me, when I die,
A part of wideness under desert sky.

Karnak

By HAROLD LEWIS COOK

A man is a fine fruit
To set before Time,
Fine as yellow apple,
Yellow orange, or lime.

But a god makes a sweeter,
A rarer dish,
The fruit of man's brain,
The apple of his wish.

And the young gods of Egypt
Have gone to that feast;
There is none left now,
Neither god nor his priest.

Hot winds blow down
Through Egypt's land,
Through the lotos colonnades
Where the tooth of the sand

Gnaws away the roofs
Till the columns bear no more
Weight than the weight of moonlight
Above the shrine door.

And the bats are crying
Where the god was heard,
The crocodile-headed
Is only a word

Muttered at table
By the hungry years—
But man heeds not,
Nor god, what he hears.

Then Buddha, be strong!
For Time must eat.
O Christ, beware
The trading feet!

For even men tire
Of an old story,
Of the same fruit,
Of the same glory.

Follies of Middle Age

They Stooped to Folly. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

TO the art of Miss Glasgow's narrative, apart from her mental preoccupations, no one can remain insensible. The clarity of her prose and the ease of her wit are, if not unequaled, certainly not excelled in contemporary American writing. Neither the clarity nor the wit, true enough, is of the first order: for the clarity is the result of a well-arranged and harmonious rather than an impassioned mind; and the wit, too, while never merely linguistic, is rarely more than the social insight of the ordinary civilized man—but superbly phrased. Take, for example, the two or three sentences in which Marmaduke Littlepage sums up the "lesson" of the book: ". . . Being ruined is not a biological fact but a state of mind. It may sound paradoxical to any survivor of the nineteenth century, but Milly has proved to me that it is impossible to ruin a woman as long as she isn't aware of it. What really ruined poor Aunt Agatha—yes, and Mrs. Dalrymple, too—was not a fall from virtue but Victorian psychology."

Now, all this is so concise and elegant that one almost forgets to perceive that it is not subtle or original. Miss Glasgow's ironic insight, always genuine, always pleasing, reminds one of Rochefoucauld and the French epigrammatists: it is a perfect distillation of the advanced viewpoint of a given age. It is not idiosyncratic; in her wit we do not recognize the lineaments of a personality, but rather the distinctive features of an intelligent society.

This explains her mastery of the comedy of manners, a mastery more than amply redemonstrated by "They Stooped to Folly," certainly the suavest and possibly the most penetrating of her novels. In it she deals with the changes the last hundred years have witnessed in the popular attitude toward feminine frailty. Considering the (superficially) ticklish nature of her subject, the book is a miracle of desensualization. Even Virginius's passing encounter with Mrs. Dalrymple is hardly more than touched by a breath of passion. The note of elegant, satiric social comedy is expertly sustained throughout, a fact which will allow most readers to emerge from the book with the same satisfactory feeling of sadly smiling tolerance for human weaknesses that is the key to Miss Glasgow's own temper.

I say "most readers," for I have a feeling that Miss Glasgow's appreciative and enthusiastic audience will be found largely among the youthfully middle-aged, those now in their thirties—those who are a part of Milly's rebellious and freedom-seeking generation. The contemporary "younger generation" will be forced to admire Miss Glasgow's serene art, but I think they will be unable to enter very violently into the problems which interest her. "They Stooped to Folly" will be to them a novel of distinctly post-war vintage, one which records, more elegantly and much more intelligently than other books, that excited revolt against convention with which the once younger Middle Western novelists are associated. To them, perhaps, the whole subject of virtue versus sex freedom will seem a little moldy and academic, and Miss Glasgow's novel merely a skilful re-exhuming of something which has been buried under the weight of innumerable novels and "thoughtful articles."

Miss Glasgow's sympathy is clearly with Milly, her casually sinful rebellious heroine. She conceives Milly as a typical representative of modern youth, whereas the more reflective young Americans of today will probably have their patience sorely tried by Milly's repeated asseverations that she

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has "a right to her life" and "a right to be happy." They will see only too clearly that Milly has no such right, because she is not sufficiently intelligent or fore-sighted to make good her claim to freedom. They will realize that Milly is just as completely under the domination of the ideal of romantic and possessive love as poor Aunt Agatha was under that of womanly modesty; and that while she remains under this domination, she will be too weak to realize the freedom about which she so freely talks. The business of being "free," of course, is only incidentally a matter of throwing off shackles; it is largely concerned with assuming responsibilities and limiting rather than extending one's desires. Because a large number of young men and women are soberly realizing this fact, they are less excited than was Milly's generation by such shibboleths as "the right to live one's own life" and other romantic war cries. To them, therefore, "They Stooped to Folly" will seem a little out of date, although to their elder brothers and sisters it may appear as a moving record of the advanced morality of today.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Ousâma Ibn Mounkidh

The Autobiography of Ousâma. Translated by George Richard Potter. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

MOURSCHID, the father of Ousâma, habitually passed his time thus: during the day he occupied himself either in hunting animals and in fighting the Holy War against those dogs and devils, the Franks, or in fasting and reciting whole Suras from the Koran; but at night he transcribed and re-transcribed the Koran with so much enthusiasm that before the end of his life he had "made forty-six copies with glosses in his own handwriting, two complete copies being written one end to the other in gold." Ousâma himself, with such a glorious heritage to emulate, very early in his life determined to rival or even surpass his father's indefatigable industry. Born in Syria in 1095, during the heyday of the Crusades, he received an excellent education as befitted the scion of a wealthy family and eventually became the author of a number of books; yet every page of his "Autobiography" makes it clear that he loved an active life best of all. In a land that teemed with lions, panthers, cheetahs, hunting dogs, and falcons, and that was overrun with despicable Christian invaders, how could an energetic, muscular young fellow do otherwise? His father, himself an ardent hunter, in vain attempted to restrain the fury of his impetuous son who, hearing the grunt of a lion, bounded from his knees in the middle of an interminable daily prayer and savagely slaughtered the animal.

Indeed, individual combat, whether with man or beast, always fascinated Ousâma far more than pitched combats on a grand scale. He manfully strove to portray the fights of the Moslems against the Franks, as well as the internecine struggles among the Mohammedans; but his eye was ever on the alert for some feat of individual prowess. No matter where he was—traveling in Damascus and Cairo, or passing long years at his castle of Schaizar on the Orontes—the sweep of great events entirely escaped him and he was moved only by the picturesque particular. Perhaps it was better so, for as an historian he would quite certainly have proved very dull; but as a racy raconteur and commentator on the little known habits and customs of his time, he is a pure treasure.

Over and over he curses the Franks, praises the Turks (especially his father, uncle, and friends), recounts his own prowess with moderate modesty, and reflects on the great benefits and comparatively few evils that have come to him. "The Franks (may Allah turn from them!) have none of the virtues of men except bravery. . . . May Allah the Most High cleanse the world of this race!" Occasionally he admits his "surprise as to their intelligence"; they had, it seems, a few paltry heathen virtues after all, such as skill in medicine. Barely does he mention his father, uncle, or numerous companions without including the parenthetical chant, "May Allah have mercy upon them!" As for himself, he has "taken part in innumerable expeditions against lions, and I have killed more of them than anyone else." Once his property was pillaged, but it was "only the loss of my books that I felt keenly. There were over 4,000 volumes, every one of them a valuable work." And once misfortune came suddenly on him during a hard journey: "To think that, the evening before my departure, I was sitting in one of the entrance halls of my house, on a kind of throne, and that I was given sixteen loads of vessels full of water and Allah Almighty knows how many pitchers and leather bottles!" Yet, on the whole, Allah and destiny (for he firmly believed that "reason is of less importance than omens") had been most gracious. His last days were spent pleasantly at the court of the great Saladin, Sultan of Islam and of the Mohammedans: "Now, thanks to his munificence, every day I have more and more wealth and honors thrust upon me."

But the pangs of extreme old age could not be despised. Once in his youth he had seen a corn merchant so old "that he looked like a worn leather bottle and as if he could not even chase the rats away from his merchandise"—and now, lo! the same disaster had befallen him. In passages of sonorous, Psalm-like beauty ("verses of which I am the author") he chanted his woes. "Weakness has bowed me to the ground. . . . When I get up, I seem to be lifting a mountain. . . . I am become like a supple girl, languid, resting on padded cushions behind a veil and curtain. . . . How many are the knights I have fought, the lions I have killed! . . . My life has lasted too long." It lasted until the year 1188 when, utterly worn out but still chanting his sententious lamentations, finally died the Syrian emir, Ousâma Ibn Mounkidh (may Allah have mercy upon him!).

R. F. DIBBLE

An Honest Record

Bullets and Bolos. Fifteen Years in the Philippines. By John R. White, Colonel, Philippine Constabulary, Retired. The Century Company. $3.50.

THIS is an unusual book of adventures in the southern islands of the Philippines in the period of their forcible pacification by the United States from 1899 to 1914. More than that, it is of genuine historical value, for it is a frank, straightforward story of a man who was not only one of the most daring and aggressive of our Philippine Constabulary officers, but one who also refused to yield to race prejudice or to consider himself immeasurably superior to the peoples he was sent to control. The book abounds in bloodshed, night-attacks, sudden murder, and ruthless wiping-out of those whom the American officers declared to be outlaws. Colonel White does not hide the fact that when sent after Moros or Sulus or the natives of Negros he "got them" by every possible means. He killed and destroyed and burned ruthlessly, believing that he who strikes hardest strikes best—when he has to strike. None the less he is plainly humane at heart, though he still records with the cold-bloodedness of the military executioner wonderful shots which blotted out some poor wretch in order that American civilization might have the upper hand.

Colonel White does not hesitate to admit that a good deal of this bloodshed was entirely unnecessary, notably the slaughter at Mount Dajo where, as he admits, six hundred men, *women, and children* were killed by General Wood's troops and where Colonel White's active military career was ended by a Moro

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bullet in the leg—malarial fevers also played their part. When anti-imperialist newspapers made this charge, it was violently denied by all military and civil officials despite photographs of some of the dead women and children. Colonel White declares that if there had been put in as "governors and other officials" men who stayed not a few months but years, who learned the language and the customs of the people, and gained their confidence, "and were not at the mercy of truckling, dishonest interpreters and clerks, perhaps then there might have been no Dajos and no Bagsaks." (It was at Bagsak that General Pershing's men similarly slaughtered many natives.) He continues:

> It is not an exaggeration, I believe, to say that nine-tenths of the fighting and the killing in Mindanao and Sulu the past twenty-five years might have been avoided if those of us who knew the Moros had been encouraged to remain among them by adequate pay, permanent positions, and authority, and an eventual retirement and pension.

Colonel White also gives expert testimony that the American brand of race prejudice, which has done so much damage in the Philippines, has largely been the work of American women:

> But in the Philippines wherever an American woman has had her way—and she has had it almost everywhere—a massive dam of social prejudice was built across the stream of that natural intercourse between the races which was necessary to a complete and proper understanding. . . . Fear motivates us all, and the American woman, whose charms often faded under the tropical sun, might well fear the seductive little brown women who blended so well with the heat and the palms and the white hot nights.

As a result, "wherever the American woman reigned no officer dared associate socially with Filipinos or Filipinas, Moros or Moras, under pain of instant and complete ostracism, petalism, and social annihilation." All of which has been proved true in other parts of the world where the Stars and Stripes has penetrated, whether it be Haiti or Santo Domingo or Nicaragua.

That Colonel White was a brilliant and wise administrator appears clearly from his record in turning the Iwahig Penal Colony from a veritable hell into a veritable little paradise. Dozens and dozens of "framed" prisoners, or innocent victims of military injustice, were freed by him. It is a remarkable fact that this soldier of fortune began fighting in the Greek Foreign Legion at nineteen, and was given important commands in Negros at twenty-two. He was only thirty-six when he left, to take part later in the World War. In earlier days he would surely have been another D'Artagnan. So excellent a writer deserves better treatment than his publishers have given him. The proofreading, for instance, is amazingly bad.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Dutch Pacifist

Contre la Guerre Nouvelle. Par Barthelemy de Ligt. Paris: Librairie Marcel Rivière.

THIS book is an able exposition of the revolutionary pacifist point of view which, while we seldom hear of it in the news, has become a doctrine of faith to a number of Europeans. Barthelemy de Ligt, a Dutchman, does not believe much in institutions or organizations; but he does believe that war is a crime and should be abolished by peoples. He urges resistance to conscription in peace time as well as in war; and he is opposed to non-combatant service on the ground that it is a moral sanction of war.

The author has faith in the power of passive resistance as a means of preventing war. It was, he maintains, opposition of the Socialist parties in Sweden and Norway which prevented war between the two countries in 1905; it was a mutiny of German sailors which prevented German admirals from continuing the war after the armistice in 1918; it was a general strike in Germany which prevented the Kapp Putsch; it was a general strike in England which prevented war with Russia in 1920.

Such are the methods by which war should and may be prevented. And he recounts the efforts of the International League against Militarism, the International Cooperative Guild of Women, and the International League against Colonial Oppression to stimulate popular resistance to age-old ideas of war and imperialism.

M. Barthelemy de Ligt does not like the League of Nations. It is not a confederation of people but a meeting of governments, an "imperialistic international bloc," an assembly of legalists and professional diplomats—a kind of permanent Congress of Vienna. His greatest criticism is that, far from suppressing "war as such," the League actually makes war universal. Has it not abolished neutrality? You can no more "regulate" war, he says, than you can "regulate" prostitution. It must be exterminated.

He is opposed to the extension of the authority of any institution over the individual. Today a conflict rages between the morality of an individual and the immorality of the state. The church, the state, and the party, as they have existed in the past, have degenerated because they have undermined individuality. He warns us against substituting a new image, the League of Nations, for the old image of the state. The solution of the ills of this world is within man himself; this solution depends upon a transformation of character.

There is a good deal of merit in this thesis—there is some merit in his criticism of the machinery of the League. Nevertheless, following the example of most evangelists, Barthelemy de Ligt goes to extremes. Many Americans find fault with the functioning of Congress and the intelligence or lack of intelligence of Congressmen. Few of us maintain, however, that Congress should be abolished. International organization likewise has come into this world to stay. It may work badly or it may work well, depending upon the individual spirits who wield power. We need statesmen to tinker with machinery, but we also need prophets to tinker with souls. To remind us of this everlasting fact, such books as "Contre la Guerre Nouvelle" despite their extremism should be always welcome.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

Music in America

The Dilemma of American Music. By Daniel Gregory Mason. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"MUSIC in America is a thing far more worth working for than 'American Music,'" says Daniel Gregory Mason, and I think we may all say amen to that, and agree, too, that Mr. Mason has done and is still doing his share of the work. In this new collection of essays he pleads the cause of amateur orchestras and glee clubs, of hand-made music in the home as opposed to mechanical instruments, and urges the plain man to participate in the actual production of music instead of merely listening to professionals. "The act of doing the thing oneself, however crudely and stumblingly," he says wisely, "gives one an insight into it that one can never get by hiring someone else to do it. To one who does not feel his own way into it, it will never become alive."

There are illuminating papers on rhythm, on the tyranny of the bar line, and on the setting of English texts. There are

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five excellent studies of Beethoven, an essay on creative leisure, and critical discussions of various problems of our contemporary musical life. It is on his attitude toward these problems, particularly toward the problem of modern music, that one is inclined to take issue with Mr. Mason. It is perhaps natural that Mr. Mason should be partial toward those composers of his youth who formed his own taste and influenced his style, but it is a pity that he can find no one since Brahms, Wagner, and Strauss to approve wholeheartedly, except a few Americans and Vincent D'Indy, with whom he studied for a time.

Mr. Mason will have none of Debussy; he calls him decadent and his harmonies obvious. (But if parallel ninth chords are obvious, what about tonic and dominant?) That he also disapproves of Stravinsky and all the host of lesser lights who figure on our symphony programs goes without saying. But it seems inconsistent to laud Theodore Thomas for his courage in playing Wagner when no one wanted to listen, or to say that "Art is dynamic, creative, experimental, innovating: hence strenuous, venturesome, full of risk, succeeding only through failure and demanding alert activity of all who participate in it," and then a little further on to find fault with contemporary conductors for littering their programs with the "decadent senescent art we see all about us." Mr. Mason—and Mr. Haggin, from whose article in *The Nation* of February 8, 1928, he quotes—would have the museum and laboratory functions of the orchestra divided, but where would they find an audience for the laboratory evenings except among the "moronic radicals" whose "ceaseless clamor for novelty" Mr. Mason so detests? The plain man loves the music he knows. He distrusts innovations. It seems on the whole a wise plan to feed him the indigestible moderns bit by bit as entree or dessert with plenty of solid fare in between.

One can sympathize with Mr. Mason's vast discontent. Everything he says about audiences is true. But unfortunately, very little can be done about it; they are the best audiences we have. Everything he says about prima-donna conductors is true. Everything he says about American music is true. He is sometimes inconsistent, chauvinistic, and ultra-conservative, but since he is always stimulating, let us hope that we may soon have occasion to quarrel with him again.

BLANCHE BLOCH

Popular Morals

Holier Than Thou, The Way of the Righteous. By C. E. Ayres. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

C. E. AYRES is one of the most exciting writers the reviewer has had the pleasure to read since, as a sophomore, he cut classes to read G. B. S.—exciting in every respect, imaginatively as well as intellectually. In "Science, the False Messiah" Mr. Ayres played the game of elegant yet effective smasher of scientific pretensions. The religion of science, which is enslaving the popular mind as revelation once did, and which is gaining among us in spite of learned countercurrents, received from him a vigorous shaking. In this book he turns his attention to popular morality, with the same disconcerting results as those produced in the former. Following William Graham Sumner's thesis that the mores of a people furnish the criteria of what is right, yet pushing that thesis to its logical conclusion, he finds that the mores and folkways of a people are of equal significance, and both help perpetuate, or at least sanction, inequalities and suffering which are features of the life of all animals. Yet it is absurd to speak of conspiracy as radicals do: the process is too involved, as Mr. Ayres shows, and furthermore the acceptance of mores by a people may in

THE HISTORY OF ITS REPUTATION

Henry Justin Smith and Lloyd Lewis

The amazing century since Chicago was a "mudhole in the prairie", her tremendous vitality infecting wave on wave of every kind and color of people—this is a story in which are reflected and intensified the struggles and triumphs of all America. $3.75.

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue, New York

The PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE *of* NICOLO MACHIAVELLI

By ORESTES FERRARA, LL.D.

AMBASSADOR OF CUBA TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

144 pp. 7 Plates. 8vo. Cloth, $2.25. 1929

After a short summary of Machiavelli's life, Dr. Ferrara gives a critical analysis of all his letters and of those written him by his friends, classifying them by groups. He discusses their literary value, and explains why these letters are the best key to Machiavelli's personality and, incidentally, to the family life of the Italy of the Renaissance.

Dr. Ferrara shows that Machiavelli, in his letters, deals with the most important political questions and with unimportant private matters in precisely the same manner—the identical interest and psychological processes characterizing them as are found in his *The Prince*. In the opinion of the famous historian, Pasquale Villari, the correspondence of Machiavelli with his friend, Vettori, Ambassador of Florence to the Vatican, in which they review the entire political situation in Europe, is a memorial of great importance in the literature of the sixteenth century.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS,
Baltimore, Maryland.

Power!

The Nation of September 18 will be a special issue devoted to the discussion of federal and State plans for power control.

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a sense be said to be voluntary, though of course determined by a complex of definable causes. Yet the book goes beyond its own thesis in many respects, and is of interest, if for nothing else, for its radical and malicious treatment of contemporary folkways. Mr. Ayres's method is not that of the scholar. He does not prove his assertions; he rivets them with an epigram or tacks them on with an epithet, but so effectively that his words do break bones. Smart he is, and sharp, but not superficial. His aim is large, his concern philosophic, and his subject matter not the transient stupidities of the *Americana* but something which is a permanent phenomenon of the human animal in a social group.

ELISEO VIVAS

Doleful Matters Merrily Set Down

A Pepsyan Garland; Black-letter Ballads of the Years 1595-1639, chiefly from the Collection of Samuel Pepys. Edited by Hyder E. Rollins. The Macmillan Company. $8.

The Pack of Autolycus, or Strange and Terrible News of Ghosts, Apparitions, Monstrous Births, Showers of Wheat, Judgements of God, and Other Prodigious and Fearful Happenings, as Told in the Broadside Ballads of the Years 1624-1693. Edited by Hyder Edward Rollins. Harvard University Press. $5.

THESE are capital books. Mr. Ripley's "Believe It or Not" could scarcely furnish forth a hundred-odd stranger occurrences than are here recorded in the quaint terminology—and sometimes extraordinarily misplaced piety—of the Broadside Ballads. Here the reader will discover a faithful account of the poor lady who bore as many children as there are days in the year—182 boys, 182 girls, and one hermaphrodite—and all at one burden! As the ballad-maker remarks:

> The Lord we see his blessings sends
> to many women poore,
> As well as to the noble sort,
> that have aboundant store.

Here also are accounts of the Maid Who Would Give Ten Shillings for a Kiss, of the Damnable Practices of Three Lancashire Witches, of the Monster in Kent, of the Admirable Stomach of Nicholas Wood, of the Prophetic Fish, and of the Italian who had a brother growing out of his side, concerning whom an old pamphlet—quoted in Professor Rollins's notes—remarks:

> I will onely remember unto you a very handsome young man, late (if not now) in Towne, whose picture hath bin publickely set out to the common view, and himselfe to bee seene for money; who from one of his sides hath a twin brother growing, which was borne with him, and living still; though having sence and feeling, yet destitute of understanding: whence me thinkes a disputable question might arise, whether as they have distinct lives, so they are possessed of two soules; or have but one imparted betwixt them both: but of this let the Philosophers, or rather the Divines, argue and Define, bein, I must ingeniously confesse, an Argument much above my element.

Although he has drawn upon the Rawlinson and Douce Collections, and has reprinted five ballads from the Ewing Collection, Professor Rollins has reprinted most of his excellent selections from Pepys and Anthony Wood, edited the whole with scrupulous scholarship and much sly humor, and reproduced the curious wood-cuts which originally adorned them. Of the two collections "The Pepsyan Garland" is the more

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general (the word "garland," by the way, at one time regularly meant a collection of ballads) and therefore is perhaps to be recommended to readers making their first acquaintance with the Broadside Ballad literature. On the other hand "The Pack of Autolycus", containing as it does only the strangest and most wonderful relations, may have a greater appeal for contemporary sophisticates.

A. Paul J. Dessauer

Italo-Vatican Agreement

Pope or Mussolini. By John Hearley. With a Foreword by Gaetano Salvemini. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

MR. HEARLEY, newspaper correspondent in Italy during the war and later assistant to Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page in Rome, has written the first book to be published on the recent Italo-Vatican agreement. It is no documented study of the terms of the dispute and its settlement, and of the detailed effect which it may be expected to have on Italian society but frankly a denunciation. The writer temperamentally fears that the union of two autocracies can only produce bigger and wider autocracy. And he adduces all the evidence which he can derive from his knowledge of the Italian situation, or from documents readily available, to prove that the fruits will be evil.

But his ardor betrays him. Most of the points of his indictment are not sustained either by his text or by the known conditions surrounding the Treaty and the Concordat. There is no "union" between church and state in Italy. Canon law has not been made the civil law of Italy (although Italy has informally agreed to do what it can to avert conflict between the two in their separate realms). Civil marriage is not forbidden. Non-Catholic worship is not hampered, nor is Catholic religious education forced upon non-Catholic children. Nor is there going to be any legal difficulty here in America over the fact that cardinals of American citizenship will help elect the ruler of a "foreign state," or over the fact that such a cardinal might some day become such a ruler.

The truth is that the Treaty and Concordat do not change much of anything in present-day Italy. The profound changes which may conceivably flow from the new relationship in the future will be the result of a long historic process. Mr. Hearley is not able, within the scheme of his book, to discuss in detail the potentialities of the new situation.

He writes in a tart manner, aiming many a winged and barbed word at the Vatican and the clergy. He gives lively character sketches of the two protagonists. But his phraseology is usually too fervid to convey precise information.

Hiram Motherwell

Farm Counsels of Perfection

What the Farmer Needs. By Isaac Lippincott. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

IT would seem as if we had had almost enough plans for solving the farm problem, particularly since we have not tried any of them to any conspicuous extent, but just a short time ago Professors Mead and Ostrolenk came along, in "Harvey Baum," with the suggestion that the federal government train the young people on the farms for useful life in town. Now another professor, Dr. Isaac Lippincott of Washington University, St. Louis, attempts to analyze the causes of agricultural difficulty and to prescribe remedies. He does not believe that lack of good marketing facilities is the main thing wrong with farming. On the contrary, he holds that the difficulties are chiefly with production—in short, these: (1) The great differences in cost of production from farm to farm and from farmers to farmers; (2) inability of many farmers to make effective improvements in technique, organization, and management; (3) differences in experience among farmers; (4) lack of diversified income to absorb the shock of dull times; (5) failure to develop agricultural by-product industries; (6) inequalities of distribution in technical and managerial progress over the farming population. All of these points are sound enough, though I am convinced that agricultural marketing difficulties are more important than Dr. Lippincott holds.

Dr. Lippincott's remedy for the difficulties that he discusses is equally sound. It involves the adoption of the financial and production policies of progressive manufacturers, such as the building up of a reserve to stand the shock of dull times, the diversification of products, and the use of waste materials. Also he advocates dissemination of information among the less-favored farmers.

Obviously, the professor's scheme is fine. Under it the farmers ought—in most years, at least—to be cats in catnip. Unfortunately, he omits to tell precisely how his plan is to be put into effect. What is needed is somebody to persuade the six and a quarter million individualistic farmers to adopt it. In fact, right there is the crux of most plans for farm relief. They do not consider the human element, and any one who knows farmers knows that the human element is the biggest element of all. I wish that somebody would write a book not telling what farm relief ought to be, but explaining how to put it into operation. Until that date, which I fear is still a few years off, such works as "What the Farmer Needs" will be counsels of perfection.

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Fiction Briefs

Loose Ladies. By Vina Delmar. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

These swift and clever little tales of extra-legal love in the Bronx (and kindred states of mind) were clearly written to satisfy a post-"Bad Girl" rising market, and are therefore probably not intended to be read with any undue solemnity. But, despite their lack of pretension, they are likely to be taken for more than they are. Miss Delmar, basically an excellent, honest popular writer with the wit to sophisticate the O. Henry formula, has been praised in some quarters for a certain grand moral tolerance. This appearance of largeness of view is due to the fact that she applies to a class of characters usually accorded philistine or sentimental treatment a liberalism which is merely second nature to a mature novelist working more profoundly with complicated adult types. Thus, we expect any novelist of stature to treat the fact of adultery with thorough objective tolerance; it would surprise us if he did not. But when Miss Delmar views her drag little lower middle-class types with ordinary ethical sanity, some readers receive the impression of extraordinary depth. It is this illusion of perspective which has caused her work to be somewhat overrated.

Molinoff or The Count in the Kitchen. By Maurice Bedel. Translated from the French by Lawrence S. Morris. The Viking Press. $2.50.

In his latest book the author of "Jerome" shifts the latitude of love from 60° to 45°, and romance, shorn of frost and farce, grows lighter. Molinoff is a gentleman-Cinderella with the soul of a Russian count who, dressed in his master's clothes, ventures from his kitchen into the salons of the most reactionary society of France. The story is frivolous, but for diversion it is amusing.

The Lady of Laws. By Susanne Trautwein. Translated from the German by Herbert E. Palmer and Leslie W. Charley. Elliot Holt. $2.50.

This is a beautifully written book; but it is not an historical novel. It is a richly designed narrative of Renaissance Bologna in which a saintly-suffering instructress in the law faculty at the University plays the tragic role of a mater dolorosa—a victim of Guelf and Ghibelline corruption. The allegory—if there is one—is that of spiritual chastity undefiled by rape, of woman as the eternal martyr to social utility. When Frau Trautwein doesn't strain after the lyric image too self-consciously her prose is a joy to read.

Robbers and Soldiers. By Albert Ehrenstein. Translated from the German by Geoffrey Dunlop. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

From the thirteenth-century Chinese robber novel "Shun-Hu-Chaun," a kind of Robin Hood cycle with an Oriental flavor of "tigers, bawds, and innocent victims, lecherous bonzes, vegetarians, and cannibals," Mr. Ehrenstein has made a modern redaction. In his note the author expresses a hope that he may thus have created a primitive epic, a work of art. We are unable to judge how the book would seem in Chinese, but in the English translation it ranks nearer the thriller than the epic. It lacks the essential nobility of an epic, even the homely dignity of Robin Hood, and only once, in the description of Wu Sung's final flight, does it attain the lyric quality of fine prose; but it abounds in sudden deaths, supernatural adventures, and the flat, practical humor of the East. Although Mr. Ehrenstein may not have achieved his hope, he has managed to reflect much of the multiplicity and passion of a nation that has been hidden too long behind the polite literature of the mandarin class.

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International Relations Section

Gomez Still Rules

By ANITA BRENNER

JUAN VICENTE GOMEZ, president of Venezuela since 1908, announced in 1928 that in the elections of 1929 he would conform to the Constitution, and resign the government to other hands. The Venezuelan president is elected by Congress. In April of this year that body met, deliberated, and reelected the Dictator. He refused the office, amid applause from the foreign press and from national orators. Five senators and five deputies were sent to the dictator's ranch at Maracay to beg him to continue saving Venezuela; and then the entire Congress followed. Gomez again refused, to the surprise of most Venezuelans, who had expected the first gesture, but not the second.

Congress then elected Dr. Juan Bautista Perez, who has a long but not very well-known record of service under Gomez. The ex-Dictator did not even attend Perez's inauguration. He had apparently indeed become a landed gentleman interested benignly, and most impersonally, if at all, in the political complications of his country. He was called a "modern Cincinnatus." The New York *Times* praised him highly.

But it seemed impossible that Gomez, who had avidly grasped more and more personal power, should at one stroke renounce it. Too many writers, soldiers, teachers, students, and political leaders had been jailed, exiled, or killed for suggesting such a thing. Shrewd Venezuelans smelt a great big rat, which was subsequently unearthed nesting in the Constitutional reforms made at the time of the elections. They were the direct result of an incredible speech made by Gomez to the senators when they begged him to re-accept the dictatorship. Said Gomez:

> I will not accept the Presidency, but I do want to be named Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Therefore you will have to choose a president who will act in accord with me in everything and for everything. If you want, I will myself find a candidate.

Gomez then found Dr. Juan Bautista Perez, and Congress reformed the Constitution it had written the year before, to match Gomez's famous speech. Article 128 reads as follows:

> Congress will elect for the present Constitutional period, a Commander-in-Chief of the National Army, who will command the Army, the Aviation, and the Navy, who will fix the number of troops on land and sea and with whom the President of the Republic will agree in regard to the execution of provisions in clauses 1, 14, 17, 18, 23, 25 and 27 of Article 100 of the National Constitution.

Article 100 fixes the powers of the President of Venezuela. The powers shared by the Commander-in-Chief, or rather transferred to him, include power to

Appoint and remove Ministers of the Executive.

Direct the legal administration of the Federal District.

Call extraordinary sessions of Congress, with the approval of the Cabinet, whenever the seriousness of any matter so warrants.

Declare war, in the name of the Republic, when Congress has decreed it.

Decree suspension of "guarantees" (that is, suspend civil law) in the cases mentioned in Article 36, and during civil or international war.

Ask the states (Venezuelan) for the assistance necessary to defend the nation or its institutions.

Choose the place to which any or all of the Federal powers may be transferred, in case of serious cause for it.

Order trial for treason of Venezuelans in any way hostile to national defense or who voluntarily may have harmed the interests of the Union.

Reorganize the states which might be dominated by rebel forces or whose governments themselves might be involved in the rebellion.

Issue letters of marque and authorize reprisals.

Dispose of public force to end armed conflict between two or more states whenever peaceful means prove insufficient.

Grant pardons.

Why so many provisions for rebellions, conflicts, treasons, and skirmishes if Venezuela is enjoying, as its government daily declares, a golden era of peace, plenty, and progress?

Natives and the Land

By JOHN H. HARRIS

(In the Manchester *Guardian*)

A TEST of first importance to Empire policy is about to be put to Baron Passfield (Mr. Sidney Webb), the decision upon which must be an historic turning-point in British colonial policy. The matter arises out of the fifteen-year struggle for Rhodesian land, now reaching its concluding stages, and the issue must be presented to the new Secretary for the Colonies in an application for his sanction to a bill which purports to make final division of Rhodesian lands between whites and natives. The test question is whether or not a principle is to be abandoned which Mr. Winston Churchill deliberately inserted in the Rhodesian Constitution in 1921-2, under which natives, equally with other subjjects of the Crown, may purchase or lease lands in their own country.

In Southern Rhodesia certain questions affecting native affairs are reserved for final sanction by the Secretary of State, and presumably Baron Passfield will be asked to agree to a bill which withdraws from the natives this vital colonial principle! Even if the bill were not technically a "reserved subject" the issue must be raised upon a demand for the withdrawal of article 43 of the Constitution, without which the bill cannot be placed on the statute-book. The overwhelming importance of this issue lies in the fact that the decision must affect the whole of the British South and East African territories. Southern Rhodesia was first legally annexed by the British Crown in September, 1923, and a Constitution was issued by Mr. Churchill which contained the following clause:

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43. . . . A native may acquire, hold, encumber, and dispose of land on the same conditions as a person who is not a native. . . .

A deputation from the Rhodesian Government, headed by the Premier, Sir Charles Coghlan, had visited this country in 1921, and endeavored to persuade Mr. Churchill to withdraw this clause. This he refused to do, in the following emphatic words:

> I have informed the delegates that the existing clause enshrines a long-accepted principle, and that I should be unwilling to agree to an alteration the corollary of which seems to be the exclusion of natives from other areas. . . .

Mr. Churchill agreed that if, after responsible government came into force, an impartial inquiry showed that "some amendment of the law was necessary" he would be prepared "to consider an amendment," but that was as far as Mr. Churchill would go.

Following upon a referendum on the question of responsible versus Union government (8,774 voted for responsible government and 5,909 for incorporation in the Union of South Africa) responsible government was granted to Southern Rhodesia, and the Constitution drafted by Mr. Churchill was accepted by all parties. The Constitution accepted, the land question again emerged, and a commission was appointed, composed of Sir W. Morris Carter and two Rhodesians—Sir Herbert Taylor, Chief Native Commissioner, and Mr. W. J. Atherstone, Director of the Lands Department.

The members of this commission were obviously influenced by the situation in the Union of South Africa, for in their final conclusions they say:

> In view, therefore, of the state of opinion of both races in this country, . . . which coincides with the accepted policy in the Union of South Africa, its neighbor to the south; and of the difficulties which arise throughout the world in countries where the population is composed of persons of different colored races, each in considerable number; we are of opinion that it is expedient that separate areas for the holding of land should be set aside for the two races.

In short, the Land Commission was prepared to advise the abandonment of Mr. Churchill's principle. The Commission pointed out that the effect of its recommendations would be to divide the land of Southern Rhodesia as to 62 per cent for the 42,000 whites and 37 per cent for 850,000 natives. The proposed allotment has been incorporated in a bill which has passed through all stages, and will become law if sanctioned by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Its two governing articles are:

> 20. Except as herein specially provided, no native shall, after the date of the coming into force of this Act, hold or occupy land in the European area.
>
> 5. From and after the date of the coming into force of this Act, except in so far as specially provided, no person other than an indigenous native may hold or occupy land in the native area.

This means that the land policy of South Africa will be extended right up to the Zambesi today and beyond it tomorrow if Baron Passfield sanctions the bill. Its sanction by him would be injurious to British interests, and would lower the standard of native administration throughout tropical and sub-tropical Africa.

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